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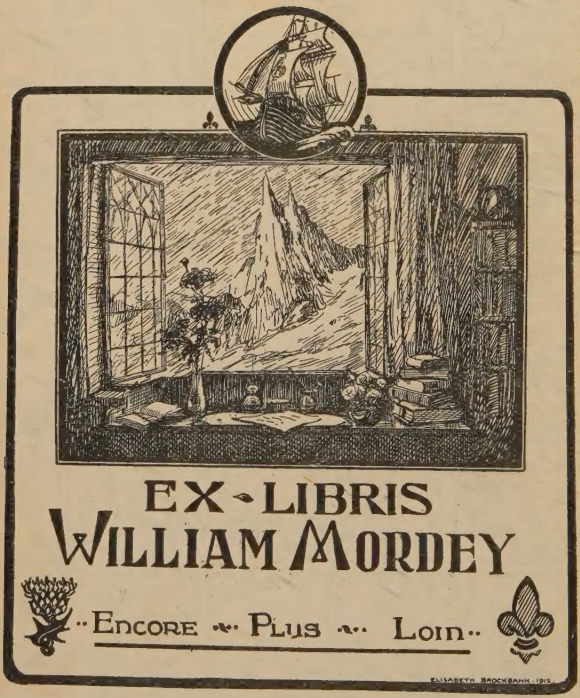
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EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES.

THE JOURNAL TO STELLA.

A DIM light was burning in the back room of a first-floor in Bury Street, St. James's. The apartment it irradiated was not an extensive one; and the furniture, sufficient rather than sumptuous, had that indefinable lack of physiognomy which only lodging-house furniture seems to possess. There was no fireplace; but in the adjoining parlour, partly visible through the open door, the last embers were dying in a grate from which the larger pieces of coal had been carefully lifted out and ranged in order on the hobs. Across the heavy high-backed chairs in the bedroom lay various neatly-folded garments, one of which was the black gown with pudding sleeves commonly worn in public by the eighteenth-century divine, while at the bottom of the bed hung a clerical-looking periwig. In the bed itself, and leaning toward a tall wax candle at

his side (which, from a faint smell of singed woollen still lingering about the chamber, must recently have come into contact with the now tucked-back bed-curtain), was a gentleman of forty or thereabouts, writing in a very small hand upon a very large sheet of paper, folded, for greater convenience, into one long horizontal slip. He had dark, fierce-looking eyebrows, an aquiline nose, full-lidded and rather prominent clear blue eyes, a firmly-cut, handsome mouth, and a wide, massive forehead, the extent of which was, for the moment, abnormally exaggerated by the fact that, in the energy of composition, the fur-lined cap he had substituted for his wig had been slightly tilted backward. As his task proceeded, his expression altered from time to time; now growing grave and stern, now inexpressibly soft and tender. Occasionally the look almost passed into a kind of grimace, resembling nothing so much as the imitative motion of the lips which one makes in speaking to a pet bird. He continued writing until, in the distance, the step of the watchman—first pausing deliberately, then moving slowly forward for a few paces—was heard in the street below. 'Past twelve o'clock!' came a wheezy cry at the window. '*Paaaaast twelvvve o'clock!*' followed the writer, dragging

out his letters so as to reproduce the speaker's drawl. After this, he rapidly set down a string of words in what looked like some unknown tongue, ending off with a trail of seeming hieroglyphics: '*Nite, nown deelest sollahs. Nite dee litt MD, Pdfr's MD. Rove Pdfr, poo Pdfr, MD MD MD FW FW FW Lele Lele Lele Lele michar MD.*'[1] Then, tucking his paper under his pillow, he popped out the guttering candle, and turning round upon his side with a smile of exceeding sweetness, settled himself to sleep.

The personage thus depicted was Jonathan Swift, Doctor of Divinity, vicar of Laracor by Trim, in the diocese of Meath in the kingdom of Ireland, and Prebendary of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's Cathedral. He had not been long in London, having but recently come over at the suggestion of Dr. William King, Archbishop of Dublin, to endeavour to obtain for the Irish clergy the remission, already conceded to their English brethren, of the First Fruits and Twentieths payable to the Crown; and he was writing off, or up, his daily record of his doings to Mrs.

[1] 'Sollahs' = Sirrahs; 'MD,' Stella, or My Dear, but sometimes Stella-cum-Dingley; 'Pdfr,' Swift; 'FW,' Farewell, or Foolish Wenches; 'Lele' is doubtful.

Rebecca Dingley and Mrs. Esther Johnson, two maiden ladies, who, in his absence from the Irish Capital, were temporarily occupying his lodgings in Capel Street. At this date he must have been looking his best, for Pope's friend, Charles Jervas, who had painted him two years earlier, found him grown so much fatter and better for his sojourn in Ireland, that he volunteered to re-touch the portrait. He has given it 'quite another turn,' Swift tells his correspondents, 'and now approves it entirely.' Nearly twenty years later Alderman Barber presented this very picture to the Bodleian, where it is still to be seen; and it is, besides, familiar to the collector in George Vertue's fine engraving. But even more interesting than the similitude of Swift in the fulness of his ungratified ambition are the letters we have seen him writing. With one exception, those of them which were printed, and garbled, by his fatuous namesake, Mrs. Whiteway's son-in-law, are destroyed or lost; but all the latter portion (again with exception of one), which Hawkesworth, a more conscientious, though by no means an irreproachable editor, gave to the world in 1766, are preserved in the MSS. Department of the British Museum, having fortunately been consigned in

the same year by their confederated publishers to the safe keeping of that institution. They still bear, in many cases, the little seal (a classic female head) with which, after addressing them in laboriously legible fashion 'To Mrs. Dingley, at Mr. Curry's House, over against the Ram in Capel Street, Dublin, Ireland,' Swift was wont to fasten up his periodical despatches. Several of them are written on quarto paper with faint gilding at the edges—the 'pretty small gilt sheet' to which he somewhere refers; but the majority are on a wide folio page crowded from top to bottom with an extremely minute and often abbreviated script,[1] which must have tried other eyes besides those of Esther Johnson. 'I looked over a bit of my last letter,' he says himself on one occasion, 'and could hardly read it.' Elsewhere, in one of the epistles now lost, he counts up no fewer than one hundred and ninety-nine lines; and in another of those that remain, taken at a venture, there are on the first side sixty-nine lines, making, in the type of Scott's edition, rather more than five octavo pages. As for the

[1] In his 'Letter to a Young Clergyman,' he hints at the cause of this, when he warns his correspondent against writing his sermons in too small a hand, 'from a habit of saving time and paper . . . . acquired at the university.'

'little language' which produced the facial contortions above referred to ('When I am writing in our language I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking'), it has been sadly mutilated by Hawkesworth's editorial pen. Many of the passages which he struck through were, with great ingenuity, restored by the late John Forster, from whom, at the beginning of this paper, we borrowed a few of those recovered hieroglyphs. But the bulk of their 'huge babyisms' and 'dear diminutives' are almost too intimate and particular for the rude publicities of type. '*Dans ce ravissant opéra qu'on appelle l'amour*,' says Victor Hugo, '*le libretto n'est presque rien*'; and if for '*amour*' we read '*amitié*,' the adapted aphorism is not untrue of Swift's famous special code to Stella.

There can, however, be no question as to the pleasure with which Swift's communications must have been welcomed by the two ladies at Capel Street, not occupied, as was the writer of them, with the ceaseless bustle of an unusually busy world, but restricted to such minor dissipations as a little horse exercise, or a quiet game of ombre at Dean Sterne's, with the modest refreshment of claret and toasted oranges. Swift's unique and wonderful command of his mother tongue has

never been shown to such advantage as in these familiar records, abounding in proverbs and folk-lore invented *ad hoc*,—in puns good and bad,—in humour, irony, common sense, and playfulness. One can imagine with what eagerness the large sheet must have been unfolded and read—not all at once, but in easy stages—by Mrs. Dingley to the impatient Mrs. Johnson, for whom it was primarily intended, but whose eyes were too weak to decipher it. Yet, for the modern student, the 'Journal to Stella,' taken as a whole, scarcely achieves the success which its peculiar attributes would lead one to anticipate. It remains, as must always be remembered, strictly a journal, with a journal's defects. There is a deficiency of connected interest; there is also a predominance of detail. Regarded in the light of an historical picture, it is like Hogarth's 'March to Finchley': the crowd in the foreground obscures the central action. It treats, indeed, of a stirring and a momentous time, for power was changing hands. The Whigs had given place to the Tories; adroit Mrs. Masham had supplanted imperious 'Mrs. Freeman'; the Great Captain himself was falling with a crash. Abroad, the long Continental war was dwindling to its close; at home, the Treaty of Utrecht was pre-

paring. But of all these things, one rather overhears than hears. In Swift's gallery there are no portraits *à la* Clarendon with sweeping robes; at best there are but thumb-nail sketches. Nowhere have we such a finished full-length as that of Bolingbroke in the 'Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Ministry'; nowhere a scathing satire like the 'Verres' kitcat of Wharton in the seventeenth 'Examiner.' Nor are there anywhere accounts of occurrences which loom much larger than the stabbing of Harley by Guiscard or the duel of Hamilton with Mohun. Not the less does the canvas swarm with figures, many of whom bear famous names. Now it is Anna Augusta herself, driving red-faced to hounds in her one-horse chaise, or yawning behind her fan-sticks at a tedious reception; now it is that 'pure trifler' Harley, dawdling and temporizing,—

> 'Yea,' quoth the ERLE, 'but not to-day,'—

or spelling out the inn signs on the road to London. It is Peterborough, 'the ramblingest lying rogue on earth,' talking deep politics at a barber's, preparatory to starting for the world's end with the morrow; it is poor Mrs. St. John, on her way to the Bath, beseeching Swift to watch over her illustrious husband, who (like Stella!) is not to be

governed, and will certainly make himself ill between business and Burgundy. Many others pass and re-pass—Congreve (*quantum mutatus!*), a broken man, but cheerful, though almost blind from 'cataracts growing on his eyes'; Prior, with lantern jaws, sitting solemnly at the 'Smyrna' receiving visits of ceremony, or walking in the Park to make himself fat, or disappearing mysteriously on diplomatic expeditions to Paris; grave Addison rehearsing 'Cato,' and sometimes un-Catonically fuddled; Steele bustling over 'Tatlers' and 'Spectators,' and 'governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as Marlborough'; 'pastoral Philips' (with his red stockings), just arrived from Denmark; clever, kindly Dr. Arbuthnot, 'the queen's favourite physician,' meditating new 'bites' for the maids of honour or fresh chapters in 'John Bull'; young Mr. Berkeley of Kilkenny, with his 'Dialogues against Atheism' in his pocket, and burning 'to make acquaintance with men of merit'; Atterbury, finessing for his Christ Church deanery. Then there are the great ladies—Mrs. Masham, who has a red nose, but is Swift's friend; Lady Somerset (the 'Carrots' of the 'Windsor Prophecy'), who has red hair, and is his enemy; sensible and spirited Lady Betty Germaine; the Duchess of Grafton (in a

fontange of the last reign); Newton's niece, pretty Mrs. Barton; good-tempered Lady Harley; hapless Mrs. Ann Long, and a host of others. And among them all, 'unhasting, unresting,' filling the scene like Coquelin in 'L'Étourdi,' comes and goes the figure of 'Parson Swift' himself; now striding full-blown down St. James's Street in his cassock, gown, and three-guinea periwig; now riding through Windsor Forest in a borrowed suit of 'light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons.' Sometimes he is feasting royally at 'Ozinda's' or the 'Thatched House' with the society of 'Brothers'; sometimes dining moderately in the City with Barber, his printer, or Will Pate, the 'learned woollen-draper'; sometimes scurvily at a blind tavern 'upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton.' You may follow him wherever he goes; whether it be to Greenwich with the Dean of Carlisle, or to Hampton with 'Lord Treasurer,' or to hear the nightingales at Vauxhall with my Lady Kerry. He tells you when he buys books at Christopher Bateman's in Little Britain,[1] or spectacles for Stella on Ludgate Hill, or Brazil tobacco (which

[1] It was Bateman's singular rule (according to Nichols) not to allow persons to look into books in his shop. One wonders whether he enforced this in the case of Swift.

Mrs. Dingley will rasp into snuff) at Charles Lillie the perfumer's in Beaufort's Buildings. He sets down everything—his maladies (very specifically), his misadventures, economies, extravagances, dreams, disappointments—his *votum*, *timor*, *ira*, *voluptas*. The *timor* is chiefly for those dogs the Mohocks ('Who has not trembled at the *Mohock's* name?'); the *ira*, to a considerable extent, for that most aggravating of retainers, his manservant Patrick.

It has been said that the 'Journal to Stella' contains no finished character-sketch; but so many entries are involved by the peccadilloes of Patrick, that after a time he begins, from sheer force of reappearance, to assume the lineaments of a personage. At first he is merely a wheedling, good-looking Irish boy—an obvious 'Teaguelander,' as Sir Thomas Mansel calls him. He makes his entry in the third letter with the remark that 'the rabble here [*i.e.* in London] are much more inquisitive in politics than in Ireland'—an utterance which has all the air of a philosophic reflection. His natural aptitudes, however, being in the direction of pleasure rather than philosophy, he is speedily demoralized by those rakes, the London footmen. 'Patrick is drunk about three times a week,' says the next record,

'and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him,' from which we must infer that Patrick was, or had been, a favourite with the ladies at Dublin. He has another vice in Swift's eyes; he is extravagant. Coals cost twelvepence a week, yet he piles up the fires so recklessly that his economical master has laboriously to pick them to pieces again. Still, he has a good heart, for he buys a linnet for Mrs. Dingley, at a personal sacrifice of sixpence, and in direct opposition to his master's advice. 'I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; showed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea: but he would not take my counsel, and he will repent it.' A month later the luckless bird is still alive, though grown very wild. It lives in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter. 'But I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout.' This restraint on Swift's part is the more notable in that Patrick himself has been for ten days out of favour. 'I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him "friend" three or four times.' Then, having been drunk again, he is all but discharged, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh (a near neighbour) has to make

the peace. He is certainly trying: he loses keys, forgets messages, locks up clothes at critical moments, and so forth. But he is accustomed to Swift's ways, and the next we hear of him is that, 'intolerable rascal' though he be, he is going to have a livery which will cost four pounds, and that he has offered to pay for the lace on his hat out of his own wages. Yet his behaviour is still so bad that his master is afraid to give him his new clothes, though he has not the heart to withhold them. 'I wish MD were here to entreat for him—just here at the bed's side.' Then there is a vivid little study of Swift bathing in the Thames at Chelsea, with Patrick on guard—of course quite perfunctorily—to prevent his master being disturbed by boats. 'That puppy Patrick, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them.' After this he takes to the study of Congreve, goes to the play, fights in his cups with another gentleman's gentleman, by whom he is dragged along the floor upon his face, 'which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and,' adds the diarist grimly, 'I was glad enough to see it.' Later on he exasperates his master so much by keeping him waiting, that Swift is provoked into giving him 'two or three swingeing cuffs on the

ear,' spraining his own thumb thereby, though Arbuthnot thinks it may be gout. 'He [Patrick] was plaguily afraid and humbled.' That he was more frightened than repentant, the sequel shows. 'I gave him half-a-crown for his Christmas box, on condition he would be good,' says Swift, whose forbearance is extraordinary, 'and he came home drunk at midnight.' Worse than this, he sometimes stays out till morning. At last arrives the inevitable hour when he is 'turned off to the wide world,' and he seems never to have succeeded in coaxing himself back again. Yet it is hard not to think that Swift must have secretly regretted his loss; and it would, no doubt, have been highly edifying to hear Patrick's report of his master.

There is one person, however, for ampler details respecting whom one would willingly surrender the entire 'Patrickiad,' and that is the lady in whose interest the Journal was written, since Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, notwithstanding the many conventional references to her, does no more than play the mute and self-denying part of Propriety. But of Esther Johnson[1] we

[1] She signs herself thus in the autograph given at p. 101 of Sir William Wilde's 'Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life.' But according to the Richmond Register, quoted

get, in reality, little beyond the fact that her health at this time was already a source of anxiety to her friends. The Journal is full of injunctions to her to take exercise, especially horse exercise, and not to attempt to read Pdfr's 'ugly small hand,' but to let Dingley read it to her. 'Preserve your eyes, if you be wise,' says a distich manufactured for the occasion. Nor is she to write until she is 'mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well' in her sight, and is sure it will not do her the least hurt. 'Or come, I will tell you what; you, Mistress Ppt, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes DD altogether, and then Ppt a little crumb towards the end, to let us see she remembers Pdfr; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as "your most humble cumdumble," or, &c.' A favourite subject of raillery is Mrs. Johnson's spelling, which was not her strong point, though she was scarcely as bad as Lady Wentworth. '*Re*diculous, madam? I suppose you mean *ri*diculous. Let me have no more of that; it is the author of the "Atalantis'" spelling. I have mended it in your letter.' Elsewhere there are

in Thorne's 'Environs of London,' 1876, p. 504, she was christened 'Hester.'

lists of her lapses: *bussiness* for business, *immagin*, *merrit*, *phamplets*, etc.[1] But the letters seldom end without their playful greeting to his 'dearest Sirrahs,' his 'dear foolish Rogues,' his 'pretty saucy MD,' and the like. As his mood changes in its intensity, they change also. 'Farewell, my dearest lives and delights; I love you better than ever, if possible. . . God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together. I pray for this twice every day, and I hope God will hear my poor, hearty prayers.' In another place it is 'God send poor Ppt her health, and keep MD happy. Farewell, and love Pdfr, who loves MD above all things ten millions of times.' And again, 'Farewell, dearest rogues: I am never happy but when I think or write of MD. I have enough of Courts and ministers, and wish I were at Laracor.' It is to Laracor, with its holly, and its cherry trees, and the willow-walk he had planted by the canal he had made, and Stella riding past with Joe Beaumont 'to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town,' that he turns regretfully when the perfidies of those in power have vexed his soul with the conviction that, for all they 'call him nothing but Jona-

[1] Modern usage would sometimes side with Mrs. Johnson. For example, Swift corrects 'waist' into 'wast.'

than,' he 'can serve everybody but himself.' 'If I had not a spirit naturally cheerful,' he says in his second year of residence, 'I should be very much discontented at a thousand things. Pray God preserve MD's health, and Pdfr's; and that I may live far from the envy and discontent that attends those who are thought to have more favour at Court than they really possess.' And then the letter winds off into those enigmatical epistolary caresses of which a specimen has been presented to the reader.

Upon Stella's reputed rival, and Swift's relations with her, the scope of this paper dispenses us from dwelling. Indeed, though Swift's visits to Miss Vanhomrigh's mother are repeatedly referred to, Esther Vanhomrigh herself—from motives which the reader will no doubt interpret according to his personal predilections in the famous *Vanessafrage*—is mentioned but twice or thrice in the entire Journal, and then not by name. But we are of those who hold with Mr. Craik that, whatever the relations in question may have been, they never seriously affected, or even materially interrupted, Swift's life-long attachment for the lady to whom, a year or two later, he was, or was not—according as we elect to side with Sir Walter Scott or Mr. Forster—

married by the Bishop of Clogher in the garden of St. Patrick's Deanery. For if there be anything which is detachable from the network of tittle-tattle and conjecture encumbering a question already sufficiently perplexed in its origin, it is that Swift's expressions of esteem and admiration for Stella are as emphatic at the end as at the beginning. Some of those in the Journal have already been reproduced. But his letters during her last lingering illness, and a phrase in the Holyhead diary of 1727, are, if anything, even more significant in the unmistakable sincerity of their utterance. 'We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years,' he tells Mr. Worrall, his vicar, speaking of Mrs. Johnson; and he goes on to describe her as one whom he 'most esteemed upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human creature. . . . Ever since I left you my heart has been so sunk that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again, but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away.' To another correspondent, referring to Stella's then hourly-expected death, he says: 'As I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and

I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable. . . . Besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood; who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature.' The date of this letter is July, 1726; but it was not until the beginning of 1728 that the blow came which deprived him of his 'dearest friend.' Then, on a Sunday in January, at eleven at night, he sits down to compile that, in the circumstances, extraordinary 'Character' of 'the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with.' A few passages from this strange Finis to a strange story, begun while Stella was lying dead, and continued after her funeral, in a room in which he has taken refuge in order to escape seeing the light in the church, may be here copied. 'Never,' he says, 'was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. . . . Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom, mixed with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness somewhat more than human in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a con-

junction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity. . . . She never mistook the understanding of others; nor ever said a severe word, but where a much severer was deserved. . . . She never had the least absence of mind in conversation, or was given to interruption, or appeared eager to put in her word, by waiting impatiently till another had done. She spoke in a most agreeable voice, in the plainest words, never hesitating, except out of modesty before new faces, where she was somewhat reserved; nor, among her nearest friends, ever spoke much at a time. . . . Although her knowledge, from books and company, was much more extensive than usually falls to the share of her sex, yet she was so far from making a parade of it that her female visitants, on their first acquaintance, who expected to discover it by what they call hard words and deep discourse, would be sometimes disappointed, and say they found she was like other women. But wise men, through all her modesty, whatever they discoursed on, could easily observe that she understood them very well, by the judgment shown in her observations as well as in her questions.'

In the preceding retrospect, as in the final Birthday Poems to Stella, Swift, it will be

gathered, dwells upon the intellectual rather than the physical charms of this celebrated woman. To her mental qualities, in truth, he had invariably given the foremost place. But Time, in 1728, had long since silvered those locks once 'blacker than a raven,' while years of failing health had sadly altered the outlines of the perfect figure, and dimmed the lustre of the beautiful eyes. What she had been, is not quite easy for a modern admirer to realize from the dubious Delville medallion, or the inadequate engraving by Engleheart of the portrait at Bellinter, which forms the frontispiece to Wilde's invaluable 'Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life.' The photogravure of the Bellinter picture given in Mr. Gerald Moriarty's recent book is much more satisfactory, and so markedly to Esther Johnson's advantage as to suggest the further reproduction of the original in some separate and accessible form.

AT 'TULLY'S HEAD.'

THE 'Tully's Head' stood on the north side of Pall Mall. In those days what is now the Via Sacra of Clubland was little more than an unpaved roadway from St. James's Palace to Carlton House—the latter of which occupied the existing open space between the foot of Regent Street and the Duke of York's column. The precise position of Mr. Robert Dodsley's establishment was next the passage leading into King Street, at present known as Pall Mall Place, or, in other words, about halfway between the Old Smyrna Coffee-house (the site of Messrs. Harrison's) and the Old Star and Garter Tavern which preceded the more recent hostelry of that name. Judged by a latter-day standard, it is probable that the 'Tully's Head' was not very impressive externally. Indeed, a bookseller's shop in the Georgian era must have been something widely different from the attractive-looking resort to which we are accustomed in this age of plate glass and parti-coloured cloth bindings. Viewed through the bulged and clumsily-framed greenish panes, the homely calf

and sheep covers looked homelier still; while the elaborate developments of modern book-illustration were but faintly foreshadowed by very rudimentary and appropriately entitled 'wooden cuts,' and by old-fashioned 'coppers,' often, for economy, crowding many 'figures' on one plate of metal. But if, at the period here intended, you could have peeped under the slanting sunblind of the 'Tully's Head' (the shop, be it remembered, was not on that 'sweet shady side of Pall Mall' afterwards so melodiously sung by Captain Charles Morris of the Life Guards), you would at once have found yourself on familiar ground. You would discover the little window to be piled with pamphlets on those burning questions, the Naturalisation of the Jews, the State of the Corn Trade, and the 'Case' of the notorious Elizabeth Canning. You would also be confronted by the latest numbers of Mr. Dodsley's new periodical, 'The World,' one of which would doubtless be opened at the passage inviting the contributions of 'the Generous and the Fair' for that bankrupt Belisarius, Baron Neuhoff, otherwise Theodore of Corsica, who, with his realm for his only assets, was, at this particular moment of time, languishing in the King's Bench. And you could not fail to be attracted by the very prominent notification that

on Thursdays, when 'The World' was published, the Editor, 'Mr. Adam Fitz Adam,' could be 'spoke with' at the 'Tully's Head.'

If, moved thereto either by charity or curiosity, you proceeded to enter the dim shop, you would in all probability be greeted, not by Mr. Fitz Adam's 'fetch' or 'double,' Mr. Edward Moore of the 'Fables for the Female Sex' and 'The Gamester,' but by Mr. Dodsley himself—a sober-clad, quiet-voiced personage, with a courteous, though somewhat over-deferential manner—who, if you looked like a book-buyer, would proceed to exhibit invitingly his latest novelties. Here, for example (most fitly issued from the 'Tully's Head'), is Mr. William Melmoth's 'Letters of Cicero,' a very elegant and excellent performance, greatly commended by 'the Learned.' Here again, in the dramatic way, are Mr. Young's tragedy of 'The Brothers,' and 'The Earl of Essex' of Lord Chesterfield's *protégé*, the bricklayer poet Henry Jones, both of them recently performed, one at Drury Lane, the other at Covent Garden. Of these 'curious Pieces' Mr. Dodsley—himself an acted playwright—speaks with an appreciable note of authority. Or, if you care for poetry (and again a slight intonation reminds you that you are speaking to the author of

'A Muse in Livery'), here is a very pretty copy of verses in the manner of Mr. Gray. The writer prefers to remain anonymous; but Mr. Dodsley may tell you (though it should go no further) that he is a gentleman of Balliol College, Oxford. Mr. Samuel Johnson (who was in the 'Tully's Head' but yesterday with Dr. Bathurst) was so pleased with one of the stanzas that he is going to quote it in his great 'Dictionary,' upon the second volume of which he is at present engaged, and for which work, by the way, subscriptions can still be received. The lines are about a girl spinning. But Mr. Dodsley will show you them *in loco*, as the scholars say. They are these, at the foot of page 6:

> 'Verse softens Toil, however rude the Sound;
> She feels no biting Pang the while she sings;
> Nor, as she turns the giddy Wheel around,
> Revolves the sad Vicissitude of things.'[1]

If he cannot tempt you with the Rev. Richard Gifford's 'Contemplation,' he will display to you

[1] Johnson duly quoted the above stanza, but not textually, in vol. ii. of the 'Dictionary,' under the word 'wheel.' He also repeated it orally to Boswell in Scotland, thereby sadly puzzling that gentleman's editors, until in 1887 its source was definitely traced by Dr. Birkbeck Hill (Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' v. 117-18).

another work he has just received from the binder—to wit, Mr. Gray's Poems with Mr. Richard Bentley's designs, which latter are thought, by the Connoisseurs, to be extremely fine. Mr. Gray, indeed, goes so far as to say that 'the Verses are only subordinate and explanatory to the Drawings'—but that (between ourselves) is Mr. Gray's way. Meanwhile, by Mr. Gray's desire, Mr. Dodsley has just despatched two copies of the volume to Dr. Thomas Wharton at Durham. If you are wise, you will secure a third, for the modest outlay of half-a-guinea. And perhaps, on second thoughts, it will be well to let Mr. Dodsley put a copy of 'Contemplation' in the packet. 'Tis but a shilling, stitched, with a Latin motto, and a fine device of Tully included; and 'twill certainly be heard of again!

In the first months of 1753, when the publications referred to in the foregoing paragraph were issued, Robert Dodsley had been long resident at the 'Tully's Head.' Born in 1703 near Mansfield, in Robin Hood's country, where his father kept the free school, he began life as a stocking weaver, a trade so little to his taste that he changed it for that of a footman. In this capacity he was certainly at one time (for he himself in after life

admitted it to Johnson) in the service of the well-known *bon-vivant*, Charles Dartiquenave, the short cut to whose intractable name was Dartineuf, further abbreviated by his familiars into the 'Darty' of Pope's couplet:

> 'Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
> Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pie.'

From the service of this genial epicure, Dodsley passed into the household of the Honourable Mrs. Lowther, where he began to develop his literary talents by birthday odes, verses on weddings, and so forth—ingenuities which had the good fortune to please those for whom they were intended, and at whose expense they were no doubt printed. But his first definite production in verse—and one in which he certainly observes that essential condition of success, the selecting of a subject within his capacity and experience—was a poem entitled 'Servitude.' Defoe prefaced and postscripted this modest effort, which was published by T. Worrall in September, 1729, as a sixpenny pamphlet. The book, which is described as 'Written by a Footman,' consists of a series of rhyming paragraphs on Carefulness, Obedience, Neatness, etc., of all of which the laudable intention is 'to excite *Bad* Servants to their Duty.'

It is certainly a very different performance from Swift's famous 'Directions.' 'We servints should see all and say nothing,' writes Winifred Jenkins; and Mrs. Lowther's poet, under the chapter of 'Discretion,' is as insistent as Lord Chesterfield himself on the importance (in the Servants' Hall) of the *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti:*

> 'Your Master's House his Closet ought to be,
> Where all are Secrets which you hear or see,'

he says, adding with undeniable but superfluous truth:

> 'For he who indiscreetly babbles small Things
> May be suspected of the same in all Things.'

Three years elapsed before Dodsley again addressed the public. This time it was as the author of a volume of occasional verses entitled 'A Muse in Livery: or, the Footman's Miscellany.' It was prefaced by a goodly subscription list, which—in addition to a fair show of Duchesses and Countesses—included the names of Sir Robert Walpole and of Steele's 'Aspasia,' the Lady Elizabeth Hastings; and it was furnished with an emblematic frontispiece by Fourdrinier which should have been worth the entire price of the volume. This represents a young man in a classic tunic, who, besides being alone in a desolate land-

scape, is manifestly in lamentable case. His right hand, weighed down by Poverty, is chained to Misery, Folly, and Ignorance, while he hopelessly stretches his left, winged by Desire, towards Knowledge, Virtue, and Happiness. Fate has further handicapped him in the race by fettering his right foot to a box or block very legibly labelled 'Despair.'

> 'In vain DESIRE oft wings my Soul,
> And mounts my Thoughts on high;
> DESPAIR still clogs, and keeps me down,
> Where I must grov'ling lie.'

So sings the poet himself in a rhymed 'Effigies Authoris,' or 'Mind of the Frontispiece.' As for the contents of the volume, they are no worse—nay, they are rather better—than the average of contemporary 'Verses on Various Occasions.' There is the usual Pastoral after Mr. Pope, the usual 'Wish' after Mr. Cowley, the usual Tale, more or less coarse, in the manner of Mr. Prior or Mr. Gay, and the usual Epistles. The best of these last is a letter entitled 'The Footman,' the compensation for whose menial calling is the privilege of listening to the talk at dinner:

> 'I hear, and mark the courtly Phrases,
> And all the Elegance that passes;

> Disputes maintain'd without Digression,
> With ready Wit, and fine Expression,
> The Laws of true Politeness stated,
> And what Good-breeding is, debated.'

With Despair tugging at his leg, Mr. Dodsley may perhaps be forgiven for declining to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth concerning the amiable Persons of Quality who were kind enough to patronize his little work. Unless, however, his experiences in the Lowther household were very exceptional, his description of contemporary 'Polite Conversation' (it may be whispered) is wholly at variance with that famous record of Swift of which Mr. George Saintsbury not long since revived the interest. But if he is over-indulgent to his superiors, he is correspondingly severe upon his equals. Swearing, small-beer, obscenity, and the reviling of Masters and Mistresses, make up, he affirms, the chief resources of his 'Brother Skips.' Towards the close of the book he asks incidentally whether future ages will rank his name with that of Prior. The question is put to nobody in particular, but Posterity, it is to be feared, will scarcely answer in the affirmative.

In the meantime, Mr. Dodsley's contemporaries were more easily satisfied. They received

'A Muse in Livery' so kindly that Osborne and Nourse were enabled to bring out a second edition in the same year as the first, to the title-page of which the writer added the supplementary information that he was 'Footman to a Person of Quality at *Whitehall*.' In his next literary effort there is a greater congruity. That a gentleman's gentleman should versify is unexpected; but, looking to the recognized importance of the eighteenth-century lackey as a playhouse critic, it is not so remarkable that he should write for the stage. Whether keeping his mistress's place in the boxes, or surveying the house from that coign of vantage, the upper gallery, Mrs. Lowther's footman must have enjoyed peculiar advantages. He turned them to account by composing, upon a hint taken from Thomas Randolph, a little single-scene satire entitled 'The Toy Shop.' Dramatically it is weak, as the interest lies chiefly in the satirico-didactic observations which one person (the toy-man himself) makes upon his wares; and it is not difficult to conjecture the course he would take in moralizing upon (say) a lady's pocket-glass or a pair of temple spectacles. But it is neatly and fluently written; and the author had the temerity to submit it in manuscript to the great Mr. Pope. What was more, he had the

good fortune to please that potentate, who acknowledged it very graciously. 'I like it,' he said, 'so far as my particular judgment goes.' He doubted, and doubted justly, whether it had action enough for the boards, but he recommended it notwithstanding to Rich of Covent Garden, where it was played. With its success, Dodsley's career 'below stairs' came definitely to an end. He had saved something; Pope lent him £100; and other friends came forward so liberally that, having quenched his last flambeau in Mrs. Lowther's service, he opened the 'Tully's Head' as a bookseller's shop.

This was in 1735; and he could scarcely have chosen a more favourable moment. Before the year was out, died Jacob Tonson the Younger, to be followed only a few months later by Jacob Tonson the Elder—the famous old Jacob of Dryden and the Kit-Cats. Early in 1736, too, died another survivor of the Augustan Worthies, Bernard Lintot. In each of these cases relatives of the same surname continued the business, but the ancient prestige was gone. And if the moment was favourable, so was the locality selected. No one of the other booksellers, either notable or notorious, was very near to Pall Mall. Edmund Curll, of disreputable memory, at the

'Pope's Head' in Rose Street, Covent Garden, was closest. Of the rest, Andrew Millar was in the Strand, Dodd by Temple Bar, Lawton Gilliver of the 'Homer's Head'

> ('Vendit hunc Librum Gilliverus
> Cujus Insigne est Homerus'),

in Fleet Street, Cooper at the 'Globe' in Paternoster Row, Wilford at the Chapter House, Roberts in Warwick Lane, Thomas Osborne in Gray's Inn. As far as can be judged, their new rival of the 'Tully's Head' must have opened his campaign as a publisher with considerable vigour. In the first month of 1736 he issued a memorial ode by John Lockman, later known as the 'herring poet,' following it up shortly afterwards by a reprint of Sackville's old tragedy of 'Gorboduc.' As may be gathered from these items, poetry and the drama were his chief attraction. He did not, indeed, publish the effusions of Queen Caroline's thresher minstrel, Stephen Duck, to whom 'A Muse in Livery' had contained a tribute, and with whom he might be supposed to be in especial sympathy, but he received subscriptions for the 'Works' of Richard Savage, and he issued the 'Leonidas' of Glover. Pope also entrusted him with two of his wonder-

ful imitations of Horace, and consigned to him the sole property in his sophisticated letters. Nor was Dodsley's own pen idle. Early in 1737 he produced at Drury Lane a 'dramatick tale' called 'The King and the Miller of Mansfield,' in which Mrs. Pritchard acted the heroine, and Cibber the monarch. The little piece was clearly written, and it found so much favour that the author followed it up with a sequel, 'Sir John Cockle at Court' (Sir John being the miller be-Knighted), which again had the advantage of a famous heroine, Mrs. Clive. These successes, and Pope's patronage, were commemorated by Curll in a snarling quatrain. (The 'you' is, of course, Pope, to whom the lines of which it forms part were addressed.)

> 'Tis kind, indeed, a *Livery Muse* to aid
> Who scribbles farces to augment his trade.
> Where you, and Spence, and Glover drive the nail,
> The devil's in it, if the plot should fail.'

Of Spence we shall hear further. But Dodsley was to make another friend as eminent, if not yet as famous, as Pope. In 1738 came to him from Edward Cave of the 'Gentleman's,' the then unknown Samuel Johnson, bringing, for anonymous publication, the manuscript of 'London,' the nervous merit of which Dodsley at once

perceived. He bought it for £10, and produced it on the same day as Cooper issued the earlier of the two Dialogues which now form the Epilogue to Pope's 'Satires.' This was in May; in July Dodsley himself published the second Dialogue. With the veiled attacks upon the Court which these contained, is indirectly connected what, in Dodsley's uneventful life, almost ranks as a capital occurrence. While the irritation in high places was still simmering against the audacious censor who had ventured to write—

> 'All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
> All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings,
> All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
> Like the last Gazette, or the last Address;'—

and to suggest that Caroline of Anspach had *not* sent her dying blessing to her eldest son,—a meaner quarry traversed the scene in the person of Paul Whitehead, whose satire of 'Manners' Dodsley put forth in February, 1739. Upon the strength of a passage reflecting on Bishop Sherlock, 'Manners' was at once voted scandalous by the House of Lords, before whom the author and publisher were straightway summoned. Whitehead, who, as Johnson says, 'hung loose upon society,' promptly absconded, but Dodsley's shop and family made his surrender a matter of neces-

sity. He was ordered into custody in a spunging-house in the now-demolished Butcher Row. But, in politics, the criminals of one side are fortunately the martyrs of the other. Vigorous efforts were accordingly made by Pope's friends and the Leicester House Opposition for his release,—Marchmont, 'Granville the polite,' Lyttelton, and Chesterfield, all crowding the Strand in their carriages to bail him. After a week's incarceration, and the payment of some £70 in fees, he was released upon the petition of one of the libelled personages, the Earl of Essex. He himself always regarded the proceedings as an indirect caution to Pope; and it is certain that Pope made no further excursions into political satire. 'Ridicule,' he said, with the foresight of afterthought, 'was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual.'

Five years later, Dodsley stood by Pope's deathbed; and the only other works which, in the interval, he published for his patron were a second volume of his letters, and an octavo edition of the 'Dunciad.' But by this time the reputation of the 'Tully's Head' was established, and its proprietor began to measure himself strenuously against his older rivals. In January, 1741, he started, in opposition to the 'Gentleman's,' a threepenny quarto serial en-

titled the 'Publick Register,' which unfortunately expired at its twenty-fourth number, owing, in part, to the hostility with which it was received by the other established magazines. In 1746 he projected, but not by himself, a second periodical, the 'Museum,' which had a brilliant list of contributors, including such varied names as those of Spence and Horace Walpole, Lowth, Akenside, and the two Wartons. The 'Museum' deserved and obtained a longer run than its predecessor. It was succeeded by the 'Preceptor,' a kind of early 'Popular Educator,' for which Johnson wrote the preface, and otherwise assisted. It is for this reason, presumably, that Boswell terms it 'one of the most valuable books for the improvement of the young that has appeared in any language,' though it is, nevertheless, an excellent idea well executed. Besides these, Dodsley produced two collections, one of 'Old Plays,' 1744, and the other the well-known volumes of Miscellany 'Poems by Several Hands,' 1748-58. Many of the pieces included in these latter are now become classic; but those who wish to read 'The Spleen' of Matthew Green, the 'Eclogues' of Lady Mary, or the 'Man of Taste' of Bramston, cannot do better than invest a few shillings in Dodsley's Anthology, adding thereto Pearch's

continuation. But, and this is only fitting, it is as a publisher of poetry that Dodsley is most attractive. His name is to be found on the title-pages of Young and Akenside ; and it was from the 'Tully's Head' that came forth both 'Irene' and the 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' More remarkable, however, than either Johnson's play or satire, was a short poem which, in February, 1751, Walpole placed suddenly in Dodsley's hands for press. It was to be struck off post haste, so as to anticipate the yawning and piratical pages of the 'Magazine of Magazines.' Thus it came about that, with the modesty of a masterpiece, the 'Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard' was first given to a grateful world. It was given, in another sense, to its grateful publisher, since the unnamed author, Mr. Thomas Gray, from a sense of delicacy upon which it is possible to insist too much, declined to receive any money for his labours.

It is time, however, to turn once more from the works which Dodsley published to those which he himself produced. A convenient bridge to these latter is the once-famous 'Oeconomy of Human Life,' with which his name was long associated as 'only begetter,' whereas he is now believed, as a matter of fact, to have been no

more than 'putter forth.'[1] This volume, a collection of moral precepts in Biblical phraseology, of which Horace Walpole had helped to set the fashion in his 'Lessons for the Day,' was attributed, on its publication in 1750, to Lord Chesterfield—a device which, at that time (witness the success of Goldsmith's subsequent 'History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son'), was often employed to promote the success of an anonymous work. The difference in this case was that the book seems to have been attributed to its real author, for it has been with good reason suspected that it was written by Chesterfield, and as such has nothing to do with Dodsley's life, although it long held a prominent place there. His own undisputed works at this date consisted of another little play, 'The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green,' which was represented at Drury Lane in 1741; a series of love songs entitled 'Colin's Kisses,' which show that even a plain-sailing Pall Mall publisher may arrive at a very adequate conception of what Lien Chi Altangi denominates 'perpetual anastomosis,' and an attempted new

[1] See the exhaustive and admirable article on Dodsley by Mr. Henry R. Tedder in vol. xv. of the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

development of pantomime called 'Rex et Pontifex.' Another of his projects was a vast didactic poem in blank verse on 'Public Virtue,' a subject which (as its author ruefully admitted to Johnson) failed to excite any appreciable Public Interest, and consequently remains in the depressed condition of a fragment entitled 'Agriculture,' which Walpole professed to have read. Dodsley also collected his dramatic pieces under the title of 'Trifles,' dedicating them, with needless particularity, to 'To Morrow.' But his most interesting production, to speak paradoxically, is again one which, like the 'Oeconomy of Human Life,' is only 'attributed' to him. It is another of the many eighteenth-century imitations of the 'Ars Poetica,' and is entitled the 'Art of Preaching.' Whoever wrote it, if Dodsley did not, was certainly a creditable Popesque versifier. One of the offending lines in 'Manners' had been:

> 'But *Henley*'s Shop, and *Sherlock*'s are the same.'

Perhaps the following was intended by the prisoner of the 'Butcher Row' as an *amende honorable:*

> 'It much concerns a Preacher first to learn
> The Genius of his Audience, and their Turn,

Amongst the Citizens be grave and slow;
Before the Nobles let fine Periods flow;
The *Temple* Church asks *Sherlock*'s Sense, and Skill;
Beyond the Tow'r—no matter—what you will.'

But if Dodsley's authorship of the 'Art of Preaching' is not above suspicion, there is no mystery about his association with the collection of weekly essays already mentioned at the beginning of this paper. Not only was 'The World,' during its career of four years, published continuously from the 'Tully's Head,' but it is admitted that Dodsley himself suggested its title. As a periodical it has the merit of a specific character. It was a distinctly different publication, both from its contemporaries, and from the society journals with which, in this day, it would, from its name, be associated. Unlike these latter, it dealt with society in the abstract; unlike the 'Adventurer' and its allies and predecessors, it entirely eschewed, in addressing its public, the hortatory or didactic method. Raillery and irony were its chosen weapons, and it employed them almost exclusively. Its chief defect is that, rejecting subjects which were too weighty for its light artillery, and shutting the door to fiction and criticism proper, there is a lack of variety in its themes. But it is, on the whole, a remarkably

well-sustained production, not the least of its merits being that—to quote a now hackneyed expression—it was actually 'written by gentlemen for gentlemen.' Its editor, Moore, was a man of taste and ability; and his chief contributors, Lord Chesterfield, Richard Owen Cambridge, Horace Walpole, Soame Jenyns, Lord Orrery, Lord Hailes, and the other assistants enlisted by the friendly advocacy of Lord Lyttelton, whatever may be charged against their literary ability, could certainly not be accused of ignorance of polite society. 'The World' might well furnish material for an essay to itself; but it is only necessary to add here, that in its pages Lord Chesterfield published the pair of papers on Johnson's 'Dictionary' which provoked Johnson's memorable retort; and that Dodsley himself wrote another—a little study of Criticism considered as a contagious disease—in which he respectably, if not overpoweringly, vindicates his claim 'to converse with the Wits.'

Both in its first and in its reprinted form 'The World' was exceedingly successful; and although critics like Dr. Nathan Drake deplore its lack of serious purpose, Time has done something to advance its value as a record of manners. Before its race was well run, Dodsley lost his wife, an

event of which we know little more than is conveyed by a sentence in Boswell, stating the fact, and referring to his sorrow. In 1758, he published anonymously an 'Ode to Melpomene.' The popularity of this was considerable; and as long as he preserved silence as to the authorship, it was regarded as the work of a young and promising poet. But his greatest success in this year, and indeed the greatest success of his life, was the tragedy of 'Cleone,' which he produced at Covent Garden. His plot was based upon the legend of St. Genevieve—a subject which Pope had already essayed and abandoned. Nevertheless, when Dodsley showed him his first draft, he encouraged him to extend it from three to five Acts. Lord Chesterfield was also of those who recommended Dodsley to complete his outline. 'Cleone' is a skilful, but a very tragic tragedy. Johnson, who looked upon the bookseller as his patron (and it was, in reality, to Dodsley that he owed the first suggestion of the 'Dictionary'), seems to have regarded it with mixed feelings. When it was read to him by Langton (an ordeal which he abominated), he said he feared it had 'more blood than brains,' and he spoke of it disrespectfully as a 'slaughter-house.' Yet he honestly admired its pathos. 'If Otway had

written it,' he said, 'no other of his pieces would have been remembered.' On the other hand, Garrick, either because it contained no part in which he could outshine Mrs. Cibber, or because he was mistaken as to its acting qualities—a mistake he was unlucky enough to make with some of the leading pieces of his day—not only refused it when offered to him, but refused it in terms of the plainest possible dislike. It was (he declared) 'a cruel, bloody, and unnatural play.'

Had he confined himself to this expression of opinion, his character as an unbiassed critic would have been safer. He was, however, not only unwise enough to prophesy the failure of the piece openly at the Bedford Coffee-house; but he did his best to secure that result by arranging to appear himself as Marplot in 'The Busy Body' on the very evening of its production. When, in consequence of this step, the friends of 'Cleone' postponed its first night, Garrick, in turn, postponed 'The Busy Body.' He seems, in short, to have behaved extremely ill. But he had probably an antipathy to the author as well as to the play. 'David and Doddy have had a new quarrel,' said Johnson—a remark which implies that they were in the habit of disagreeing. In the end, 'Cleone' was brought out with complete success—a result

to which the efforts of the leading lady, the blue-eyed and beautiful George Ann Bellamy, not a little contributed. We may borrow again from Johnson. 'Cleone,' he told Langton, 'was well acted by all the characters, but Bellamy left nothing to be desired. I went the first night, and supported it, as well I might; for Doddy, you know, is my patron, and I would not desert him. The play was very well received. Doddy, after the danger was over, went every night to the stage-side, and cried at the distress of poor Cleone.' Report adds that, on the same occasion, Johnson's unqualified approval of Mrs. Bellamy's talents was announced from the pit in the form of a sonorous 'I will write a copy of verses on her myself;' while 'Doddy's' tears must have become historic, since they appeared years after in the last poem of Churchill. After bidding the Muses woo Gray modestly, and 'doze' with Glover, and 'bleat, and bray, and coo' with Mason, he goes on—

> 'Let them with DODSLEY wail Cleone's woes,
> Whilst He, fine feeling creature, all in tears,
> Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping Peers,'—

a stroke aimed, in all probability, at Dodsley's fast friends, Lyttelton and Chesterfield. But Dodsley could afford to laugh as well as cry, for

Garrick's rival Marplot did not succeed, whilst 'Cleone' ran triumphantly for sixteen nights; and, according to Shenstone, who supplied the Epilogue, after a first sale in book form of two thousand copies, passed rapidly into its fourth edition.

Earlier in the year in which 'Cleone' was produced, Dodsley had accompanied Spence on a tour through England and Scotland, spending a week on the way with Shenstone in his Worcestershire home. In the same year he established, under the editorship of Burke—whose 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful' he had previously issued—the still existent 'Annual Register,' with the success of which he revenged the failure of his first periodical enterprise. In 1759, after publishing Johnson's 'Rasselas' and Goldsmith's 'Polite Learning,' Dodsley retired from business in favour of his younger brother, James, who had for some years been associated with him, and (having prepared for posterity by sitting to Reynolds, whose picture of him was admirably engraved by Ravenet) devoted his energies to the preparation, upon the model of Croxall, of the once well-known 'Select Fables,' now vital chiefly by their inclusion, in part, in one of the rarest of the early illustrated volumes of Thomas Bewick. Shenstone lent him some aid in this costly and

unremunerative work, which he followed up by a volume of 'Fugitive Pieces on Various Subjects,' containing, among other things, contributions by Burke. Shortly afterwards Shenstone died, and Dodsley's last production was an edition of his friend's literary remains—a task which includes a 'character,' and a minute account of the 'Arcadian Groves rural,' the valleys, torrents, winding waters, and Gothic seats with poetical inscriptions, which went to make up that object-lesson in 'landskip gardening,' and rival to Spence's Byfleet, the Leasowes. In 1764, Dodsley himself died of gout at Durham, while on a visit to Spence.

Spence buried his friend in the Abbey Churchyard, under a fitting epitaph. As it makes no secret of his humble origin and lack of learned education, it may perhaps be assumed to speak the truth when it lays stress upon his 'integrity of heart,' and 'purity of manners and conversation.' Johnson referred to him in terms of the warmest affection; Walpole with patronizing, but genuine approval; while Shenstone commended his simplicity, his benevolence, his humanity, and his true politeness. That some anecdotes of him disclose a certain petulance, and others an over-copious vein of sentimentality, cannot be denied, but these are small things to set against the combined testi-

mony of witnesses so diverse as those quoted. As will be gathered from the preceding account, his life is really little more than the record of the books he published; but if any biography may fairly resemble a catalogue, it should assuredly be that of a publisher. His reputation as an author is not now very high, and indeed, when allowance is made for the adventitious interest which attached to his first efforts, little remains to him but the merits of facility and industry. He himself doubted Johnson's comparison of 'Cleone' with the masterpieces of Otway; and we can no longer verify that comparison where alone it could be verified effectively, since both Dodsley and the author of 'Venice Preserv'd,' if they are not absolutely forgotten, have long ceased to be acted. As a verse-man he fails to follow Prior; but he vindicated, in a tolerable epigram, the fame of Prior against the sneer of Gilbert Burnet,[1] while in the little song beginning 'One kind kiss before we

[1] In Burnet's 'History of His Own Time,' 1734, ii. 580, he spoke contemptuously of 'One *Prior*, who had been *Jersey*'s Secretary.' This was Dodsley's retort:

> '*One Prior!*—and is this, this all the fame
> The Poet from th' historian can claim!
> No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
> When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote.'

part,' he has the infinitesimal distinction of recalling, by its first line, the 'Ae fond kiss, and then we sever' of Burns. But—for all that he figures in the collections of Chalmers and Anderson—he is more eminent in his business than in his literary capacity. The man who, of our time, should produce the works of the leading poets, philosophers, fine gentlemen (if there were any), historians, and critics, and also contrive to acquire their esteem and affection, would certainly be entitled to rank as a remarkable personage. In such relations stood Robert Dodsley to the chief authors of his day. Besides reprinting old plays and establishing the 'Annual Register,' he published for Pope and Gray, for Johnson and Burke, for Spence and Warton, for Walpole and Chesterfield;—and none of them spoke ill of him. This is something; enough, it may be, to justify the dedication of these brief pages to his memory

RICHARDSON AT HOME.

IT is an old truth that we are often more keenly interested in shadows than in realities, and this is especially the case with certain fictitious characters. At Gad's Hill, for example, it is less Charles Dickens that we remember, writing his last novel in the garden-chalet which had been given him by Fechter the actor, than Shakespeare's Falstaff, 'larding the lean earth' in his flight from the wild Prince and Poins. When we walk in Chiswick Mall, it is probable that the never-existent Academy of Miss Barbara Pinkerton, where Becky Sharp flung the great Doctor's 'Dixonary' out of the carriage window into the garden, is far more present to us than the memories of Mr. Alexander Pope and his patron, Richard, Earl of Burlington, both of whom had 'local habitation' in the neighbourhood. If we visit the Charterhouse, Addison and Steele, and even Thackeray himself, do not force themselves so vividly upon our recollection as does the tall, bent figure of a certain Anglo-Indian colonel with a lean brown face, and a long white mous-

tache, who said 'Adsum' for the last time as a pensioner within its precincts. And whether this be, or be not, the experience of the imaginative, it is certain that the present writer seldom goes print-hunting at Mr. Fawcett's in King Street, Covent Garden, without calling to mind the fact, not that those most painted and palpable realities, the four Iroquois Indian Kings of the 'Spectator,' once sojourned in that very thoroughfare at the sign of the 'Two Crowns and Cushions,' but that it was 'at Mr. Smith's,' a glove shop in the same street, where 'stockings, ribbons, snuff, and perfumes' were also sold, that, under the disguise of 'Mrs. Rachel Clark, Clarissa Harlowe lay in hiding from Lovelace; and that hard by, in the adjoining Bedford Street, the most harassed of all heroines was subsequently pounced upon by the sheriff's officers as she was coming from morning prayers at St. Paul's, Covent Garden. What a subject for Mr. Orchardson or Mr. Marcus Stone! The Tuscan portico of Paul's, with its clock and bells; the battered, brass-nailed sedan-chair, spotted with damp, and browned by exposure to the sun, waiting, the head ready up, 'at the door fronting Bedford Street'; the broad-shouldered and much-muffled minions of the law watching doggedly for their prey; the gathering

circle of spectators, half-sympathetic, half-censorious; and Clarissa—poor, hunted Clarissa!—trembling, terrified, and beautiful, appearing, with her white face peeping from her 'mob,' a step or two higher than the rest, upon the dark cavity of the church-door.

There are seven volumes of Clarissa Harlowe's lamentable history, and, according to Mrs. Barbauld, there were originally two more in the manuscript. Yet one of the author's correspondents, Miss Collier—the Margaret Collier who went with Henry Fielding to Lisbon—tells Richardson that she is reading the book for the fourth time! As one turns the pages, one almost grows incredulous. Did she really read all that—four times? Did she really read those thirteen pages of the heroine's will, four several times? To doubt a lady, and a friend of Richardson to boot, is inexcusable; but, at all events, the exploit is scarcely one to be repeated in this degenerate age. Not that the only obstacle is the length of the story. Other writers—even writers of our own day—are long. If 'Pamela' is in four volumes, so is the 'Cloister and the Hearth'; if 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison' are in seven volumes, there are eight of 'Monte Cristo' and ten of 'Les Misérables.'

But there is length of time, and length of tedium. Besides words, and sentences, and paragraphs, and chapters, the masterpieces above-mentioned also contain, to a greater or lesser extent, abundance of plot, of movement, of incident, of character. Richardson is long with a minimum of these, and he is also deplorably diffuse, copious, long-winded, circumstantial. He plays his piece—to borrow a musical illustration—to the very slowest beat of the metronome. He can concentrate his thoughts upon his theme, but he cannot concentrate the expression of them; and, as he admitted to Young, for one page that he takes away he is apt to add three. What is worse, as MM. Janin and Prévost have proved in France, and Mrs. Ward and Mr. E. S. Dallas in England, you can no more cut him down now than his friends could do in his lifetime. Aaron Hill, who endeavoured to abridge the first seven letters of 'Clarissa,' confessed, after making the attempt, that he only spoilt them; and in casting about for an explanation of his failure, he happens upon the truth. 'You have,' he says, 'formed a style . . . where verbosity becomes a virtue; because, in pictures which you draw with such a skilful negligence, redundance but conveys resemblance; and to contract the strokes, would be to spoil the like-

ness.' This, in other words, is but to say that the prolixity of Richardson, if it be a cause of weakness, is also a source of strength. It is his style; and the Style, in this case, is the Man, or, in the explicit language of the first form of the aphorism, *l'homme même*—the very Man.

At Stationers' Hall, of which institution in later life he became a Master, there is an excellent likeness of Richardson as he appeared to his contemporaries. It was executed by Joseph Highmore, 'a painter of eminence,' says Mrs. Barbauld, 'at a time when the arts were at a very low ebb in England'—an utterance which suggests some disregard on the part of that otherwise unimpeachable biographer of the efforts of William Hogarth. Highmore, who was a personal friend of Richardson, had already made a series of studies for 'Pamela'; and he painted Clarissa 'in a Vandyke dress,' a conceit which must then have been popular, since both Walpole and Gray masqueraded to Eckhardt in similar costume. Under Highmore's brush, Richardson is depicted as a middle-aged and plump little man in a claret-coloured coat, holding his right hand in his bosom, a habit to which he more than once refers. In his left hand is an open letter. He wears a flaxen wig which covers his ears, has a fresh-coloured com-

plexion, a comfortable double chin, and a general look of grey-eyed and placid, if slightly flabby, benignity.

By nature he is said to have been slow and taciturn, but among friends, and especially in the 'fitting environment' of that 'flower-garden of ladies' which he loved to gather about him, he became animated, and even playful. His health was bad; like Swift, whom he adapts,—

> 'That old vertigo in my head
> Will never leave me till I'm dead,'—

he was subject to attacks of giddiness; and he suffered from a variety of nervous ailments, the majority of which might be traced to his sedentary habits, and the relentless industry with which he pursued his vocation as a printer, and his avocation as an author. 'I had originally,' he says, 'a good constitution. I hurt it by no intemperance, but that of application.' Unlike most men of his generation, he was a vegetarian and water-drinker; unlike them again, he never learned to ride, but contented himself with that obsolete apology for equestrian exercise, the chamber-horse—a species of leathern seat upon four legs and a strong spring, still sometimes to be discovered in the forgotten corners of second-

hand furniture shops. One of these contrivances he kept at each of his houses; and those who, without violence to his literary importance, can conceive the author of 'Sir Charles Grandison' so occupied, must imagine him bobbing up and down daily, at stated hours, upon this curious substitute for the saddle.

The 'chamber-horse' is not included in Highmore's picture, which, it may be observed, was successfully scraped in mezzotinto by James McArdell. But the artist has not forgotten another article which played an indispensable part in Richardson's existence, to wit, his ink-bottle. This, for convenience' sake, it was his custom to have sunk into the right-hand arm of his chair, where it is accordingly depicted by the artist, decorated with a quill of portentous dimensions. Taken in connection with the letter in his hand, the detail is characteristic. No man, in truth, ever set pen to paper with greater pertinacity. If Pope lisped in numbers, Richardson certainly lisped in 'epistolary correspondence.' He was a letter-writer, and, what is more, a moral letter-writer, almost from his 'helpless cradle.' Two anecdotes, both on the best authority—his own—show how markedly these prevailing qualities of scribbling and sermonizing

were with him from the beginning. At school, where he was noted for his edifying stories, one of his playfellows endeavoured to persuade him to write the history of a footman (virtuous) who married his mistress; and he had not attained the mature age of eleven before he addressed an admonitory but anonymous epistle to a backbiting widow of fifty, who had distinguished herself more by the severity of her precepts than the assiduity of her practice. His indefatigable pen found, however, a more legitimate employment in the service of the young women of the neighbourhood, who made use of his equipments and his discretion to convey their written sentiments to their sweethearts—an office which must have been a sort of liberal education in love affairs, since he had frequently not only to explain what was meant, but also to supply what was wanted. 'I cannot tell you what to write,' said one warm-hearted girl, enraptured with her lover's protestations, 'but you cannot be too kind.' Obviously it was in these confidences, for which, even in youth, his grave and very grown-up demeanour especially qualified him, that he laid the foundation of his marvellously minute knowledge of the female heart. When his leaning to literature determined his choice of the trade of a printer,

letter-writing was still his relaxation; and all his leisure was absorbed by a copious correspondence with an unnamed and eccentric gentleman who was, on his side, to use Walpole's phrase, equally 'corresponding.' As he proceeded from 'prentice to master, his reputation as a letter-writer increased proportionately; and when Messrs. Rivington and Osborn suggested to him the book that afterward grew into 'Pamela,' it was almost inevitable that it should take an epistolary form. After 'Pamela' it was equally inevitable that the author should cling to the pattern in which his first success had been achieved. It may, indeed, be a matter for nice speculation whether he could have produced a novel in any other way, so inveterate had his habit of letter-writing become. He confesses himself that he wrote far more than he read. 'I cannot tell why, but my nervous disorders will permit me to write with more impunity than to read.' His works certainly do not show him to have been a well-read man, though, as a quondam Carthusian, he was probably better educated than is generally supposed But it is clear that to the day of his death the writing of letters was his ruling passion, as well as the standing occupation of his daughters, who were unceasingly employed in transcribing the

leisurely effusions which form the basis of Mrs. Barbauld's selection. When a letter left the little board, duly shown in Chamberlin's portrait, upon which it was composed, it was handed to Anne or Martha to copy, and the copy was preserved as carefully as if it had been an original work. Several hundred of these methodical but immoderate epistles, making with the replies six huge volumes, are still to be seen in the Forster Collection at South Kensington. They include many unpublished documents, which, when Richardson's uneventful career finds its fitting chronicler, will probably be discovered to contain particulars of interest. The late Mr. Malcolm Kingsley Macmillan, it is understood, had made considerable progress in 'prospecting' this mine of material.[1]

After the fashion of the tradesman of his time, Richardson lived chiefly in the city, with a country house in the suburbs for Sundays. When, having duly passed through his probation as a compositor and press corrector, he married his

[1] There are some scattered references to this task in his 'Letters' (Privately printed, 1893). 'I have been copying Richardson's will,' he says in one of them. 'It throws light on the reserve he exercised about his relatives, showing that they harassed and sponged on him' (p. 144).

master's daughter (like Hogarth's industrious apprentice), he opened a business on his own account in Fleet Street. Thence he moved to Salisbury Court, now Salisbury Square, a region which, as it could boast of Dryden as a former resident, and probably of Locke, was not without its literary memories. His first house was in the centre of the Court. Later on—and not, it is said, at all to the satisfaction of the second Mrs. Richardson—he moved his residence to No. 11 in the north-west corner; and, pulling down at the same time a number of old houses in Blue Ball Court (now Bell's Buildings) on the eastern side, constructed for himself 'an extensive and commodious range' of offices. It was certainly in Salisbury Court that Richardson wrote part of his works; and here he was visited by Johnson, Young, Hogarth, Dr. Delany, and others of his intimates. It must have been in this establishment, too, that Goldsmith laboured as a corrector of the press, having, it is said, made Richardson's acquaintance through a disabled master-printer, one of the doctor's Bankside patients. But not many anecdotes cluster about the dwelling-place in the little square in the shadow of St. Bride's, beyond the legend that Richardson used occasionally to hide a half-crown among the types as

a reward to the exemplary workman who should be first at his work in the morning. There is also a tradition that, in later life, he was so sensible of the infirmities of his own nervous temperament and of the intractable deafness of his foreman, that he never trusted himself to give any oral orders, but characteristically issued all his business directions in writing.

His first country house, now known as The Grange, still exists, with its old wrought-iron gates, at 49, North End Road, Fulham. 'A few paces from Hammersmith Turnpike' was the indication which Richardson gave to 'Mrs. Belfour'; a more exact description to-day would be, 'a few paces from the West Kensington Station of the District Railway.' In Richardson's time the house consisted of two distinct dwellings—the novelist occupying the western half, while the tenant of the remaining portion was a certain Mr. Vanderplank, often referred to in Richardson's letters. It retains its dual character, and continues to wear much of the aspect which it formerly presented. Stucco, it is true, has been allowed in part to disfigure the original red brick; windows have been blocked here and there; and a balcony has been added, of which no sign appeared when, in May, 1804, the building

was sketched for volume four of Mrs. Barbauld's correspondence. But the house no longer stands, as it must have done when Richardson walked to it through the Park, in the open country; and only a few of the fine old cedars and other forest trees which formerly flourished in its neighbourhood have survived the inroad of bricks and mortar. One of its occupants after Richardson was Sir William Boothby, who married the charming actress, Mrs. Nisbett.[1] But for the last quarter of a century it has had a still more distinguished inmate in that painter of

> 'Fair passions and bountiful pities,
> And loves without stain,'

Sir E. Burne-Jones, who, although intermediate tenants have effectually obliterated all definite memorials of the Richardsonian era, still cherishes a kindly reverence for his last-century predecessor. At 'Selby House,' as The Grange seems to have been then called, Richardson lived from 1730, or earlier, until October, 1754; and it follows that while residing at North End he wrote not only

[1] Sir William Boothby died in 1846, and his widow returned to the stage. She was famous as 'Constance' in 'The Hunchback' of Sheridan Knowles, and as 'Lady Gay Spanker' in Boucicault's 'London Assurance.' She survived until 1858, and is buried at St. Leonard's-on-Sea

'Pamela,' but 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' the final volumes of which last appeared early in the latter year.

Which of the rooms he used for his study, when his numerous visitors made no special claims upon his attention, is not now discoverable. But his favourite writing-place was an arbour or grotto at the back of the house, no visible trace of which remains. It is described by a visitor, Mr. Reich of Leipsic, as being 'in the middle of the garden, over against the house'; and it contained a seat or chair in which Richardson was accustomed to work. 'I kissed the ink-horn on the side of it,' says the perfervid gentleman from Saxony, thus conveniently confirming a detail in Highmore's picture. According to Mrs. Barbauld, Richardson was in the habit of repairing to this retreat in the morning, before the rest of the family were up; and 'when they met at breakfast, he communicated the progress of his story, which, by that means, had every day a fresh and lively interest. Then [says his biographer] began the criticisms, the pleadings, for Harriet Byron or Clementina; every turn and every incident was eagerly canvassed, and the author enjoyed the benefit of knowing beforehand how his situations would strike.' These breakfast-table discussions

must have been invaluable to a writer of Richardson's type; and they were renewed at other times in the grotto itself. Miss Highmore, the artist's daughter, who was no mean draughtswoman, has left a little sketch in which one of these meetings is depicted. She has probably exaggerated the size of the grotto, which looks exceptionally spacious; but it must have been large enough to hold seven people, since, as shown in the picture, there are seven in it. It is as bare of ornament as the cabinet of M. de Buffon, a table and chairs being the only furniture. To the left, Richardson, in his habitual velvet cap and morning gown, is reading the MS. of 'Grandison'; Miss Mulso (afterward 'the celebrated Mrs. Chapone'), a handsome young woman, is in the middle; the others are her father and brother, her brother's future wife, Miss Prescott, Miss Highmore, and Miss Highmore's lover, Mr. Duncombe. The ladies, in their Pamela hats, are dignified and decorously attentive, while the attitudes of the gentlemen rise easily to the occasion. Their management of their legs in particular is beyond all praise. For the rest, Mr. Mulso the elder is feeling for his handkerchief; Mr. Mulso junior has his hands in his bosom; and the Rev. John Duncombe is taking snuff with an air which

RICHARDSON READING "GRANDISON" IN THE GROTTO AT FULHAM.

From a copy of a Sketch by Miss Highmore.

would do credit to the *vieille cour*, or even to the irreproachable Sir Charles himself.[1]

As a valetudinarian whose life was spent between steel and tar-water, it might have been expected that Richardson would often be absent from London in search of health. But, beyond his periodical visits to North End—visits which, as he advanced in years and prosperity, naturally grew more frequent and more prolonged—he seems to have seldom left town, and to have resorted but rarely to the fashionable watering-places of his day. He says, indeed, in one of his letters to Young, that he had often tried Bath, but without benefit; and it may well be conceived that the Bath of Smollett's time, with its bells and its bustle, was wholly unsuited to his nervous and highly-strung temperament. The place most often in his letters is Tunbridge Wells, where Thackeray puts him in the 'Virginians.' In the middle of the last century, the Wells had always its recognized supporters, who, in due season, religiously perambulated the shady walks, loitered at the toy-shops on the red-roofed Pantiles, or crowded in the Tea Room round the last new 'Cynthia of the minute.' In her third volume,

[1] Mr. Duncombe was the author of the 'Feminead,' 1754, and, like Mr. Mulso, junior, wrote for the 'World.'

Mrs. Barbauld reproduces an old water-colour drawing which once belonged to Richardson, and which (it is alleged) bore in his own writing the names of many of the notabilities of the place. The Hon. Miss Chudleigh, 'Maid of Honour to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales,' in a monstrous side-hoop, 'swims' or 'sails' up the centre between Beau Nash and Mr. Pitt; Dr. Johnson is talking deferentially to the Bishop of Salisbury; the septuagenarian Cibber is following like a led-captain close upon the heels of Lord Harcourt, while Garrick—the great Garrick himself—is chatting amicably with the famous *prima donna*, Giulia Frasi. Among the rest you may distinguish another 'professional beauty,' Miss Peggy Banks (who afterward married Lord Temple's brother); Arthur Onslow, the philanthropic Speaker of the House of Commons; and the lanky form of Chesterfield's 'respectable Hottentot,' Lyttelton. In a corner, at an unconscionable distance from her husband, is Mrs. Johnson, and hard by, Whiston of 'Josephus' and the longitude—

> 'The longitude uncertain roams,
> In spite of Whiston and his bombs.'

Finally, in the right foreground, his left hand

in his breast, his right steadied upon his cane as a precaution against giddiness, is the little figure of Richardson, shuffling along, circumspect and timorous, as he describes himself to his dear Miss Highmore. After making mild fun of the fantastic appearance presented by those ancient lady-killers, Mr. Nash and Mr. Cibber, hunting 'with faces of high importance' after new beauties, he proceeds to draw his own likeness. He is, he says, 'a sly sinner, creeping along the very edges of the walks, getting behind benches: one hand in his bosom, the other held up to his chin, as if to keep it in its place: afraid of being seen, as a thief of detection. The people of fashion, if he happen to cross a walk (which he always does with precipitation) *unsmile* their faces, as if they thought him in their way; and he is sensible of so being, stealing in and out of the bookseller's shop, as if he had one of their glass-cases under his coat. Come and see this odd figure!'[1]

[1] The artist of this sketch, long in the possession of Richardson's family, was Loggan the dwarf, whose diminutive figure appears in the left-hand corner, where he is talking to the woman of the Wells. He made many similar drawings of the notabilities at the different watering-places. Upon the strength of this one, Malone and others have assumed that Samuel Johnson was at Tunbridge in 1748. It is, however, by no means certain that

When Richardson extended his business premises at Salisbury Court, he also moved his 'country box' from Fulham to Parson's Green. Of this Parson's Green house—an old mansion once occupied by a Caroline Lord Chief Justice, Sir Edmund Saunders—no trace now remains, and the neighbourhood itself is greatly altered. Tradition speaks, however, of a porch with seats, from which Richardson was accustomed to welcome his guests; and there was also an alcove which found its poet:

> 'Here the soul-harr'wing genius form'd
> His PAMELA's enchanting story!
> And here divine CLARISSA died
> A martyr to our sex's glory! . . .
>
> 'Here GRANDISON, to crown the whole,
> A bright examplar stands confest!
> Who stole those virtues we admire
> From the great Author's glowing breast.'

So 'sings the bright-haired muse' in volume five

he is the 'Dr. Johnson' here represented. The names of the characters are said to be inserted in Richardson's own handwriting. But, as Dr. Birkbeck Hill points out (Boswell's 'Life,' i. 190 n.), Samuel Johnson did not receive a doctor's degree until more than four years after Richardson's death in 1761; and therefore could not have been described by Richardson as 'Dr.' Johnson.

of Dodsley's 'Collection.' Unluckily, all the immortal works referred to were, as already stated, composed at North End.[1] At his new home, Richardson still continued to receive his friends, to write to them at immeasurable length, or to read to them what he had written at equal length to other people. Mrs. Charlotte Lenox, of the 'Female Quixote,' who was a frequent visitor at this time, could scarcely recall an occasion upon which 'her host had not rehearsed at least one, but probably two or three voluminous letters, if he found her in the humour of listening with attention.' Of such 'lucubrations' his printed correspondence is composed. It has, indeed, a certain unity, for the subject is almost exclusively himself and his novels; but it can only by courtesy be called absorbing. His habitual male correspondents were none of them of the first order. The most eminent were Young, who was a poet, and Edwards (of the 'Canons of Criticism'), who was a scholar, but Cibber and Aaron Hill represent the general level. It was in his lady corre-

[1] The error is repeated in Malcolm's engraving (May 7, 1799) of the Parson's Green house, which has for title, 'The House at Fulham in which Richardson wrote Clarissa.' The building represented is, however, entirely different from that at North End (also in Fulham).

spondents that he was most fortunate. Henry Fielding's sisters, Sally and Patty, had something of their brother's genius; the two Miss Colliers, daughters of Arthur Collier, the metaphysician, were also remarkable women, while Mrs. Delany, Miss Highmore, Miss Mulso, Miss Talbot, and Mrs. (or more strictly) Miss Donellan were all far beyond the eighteenth-century average of what Johnson called 'wretched *unidea'd* girls.' To the nervous little genius they must have been invaluable, for they not only supplied him continuously with that fertilizing medium of sympathetic encouragement which robust spirits call by the grosser name of adulation, but their comments and discussions upon his work while in progress afforded much of the stimulus and none of the irritation of applied criticism. They were his School of Emotion; and no one was better aware of the fact than he was. 'I have often sat by in company,' he tells Lady Echlin, 'and been silently pleased with the opportunity given me, by different arguers, of looking into the hearts of some of them, through windows that at other times have been closed.'

The longest series of his letters is addressed to Lady Echlin's sister, and both in its origin and its development it is the most interesting. In 1748,

when the first four volumes of 'Clarissa' had appeared, a letter purporting to come from Exeter was received by Richardson from an unknown correspondent. Referring to the current rumour that the book would end unhappily, the writer requested confirmation of this in the 'Whitehall Evening Post,' where Richardson accordingly inserted a notice. Shortly afterward came an impassioned communication appealing strongly against his decision, in words which must have thrown him into a twitter of gratified agitation. 'If you disappoint me,' said 'Mrs. Belfour' (for so she signed herself), 'attend to my curse: May the hatred of all the young, beautiful, and virtuous, for ever be your portion! and may your eyes never behold anything but age and deformity! may you meet with applause only from envious old maids, surly bachelors, and tyrannical parents! may you be doomed to the company of such! and, after death, may their ugly souls haunt you! Now make Lovelace and Clarissa unhappy if you dare.' Richardson replied as an artist, defending, with more decision than might have been expected, his foregone conclusion; and the correspondence, protracted while the book progressed to its final volume, was continued subsequently, degenerating at last into a species of decorous elderly flirtation.

The writer proved to be a Lady Bradshaigh, of Haigh, near Wigan, in Lancashire—Exeter having been only given as a blind. When a lady confesses to have shed a pint of tears (for this is the precise liquid measure specified) over one's work, a certain curiosity is perhaps excusable, and, as time went on, Richardson obviously grew anxious to make his *Incognita's* personal acquaintance. The later letters reveal a good deal of finessing on both sides—on his, to identify the lady at various places where she announced she should be; on hers, to see him without being seen herself. At last, in March, 1750, they came together; and the further correspondence of Lady Bradshaigh with Richardson fills Mrs. Barbauld's sixth volume. In one of the earlier letters he gives a minute and often-quoted description of himself, from which some particulars have already been borrowed in describing his portrait.

Lady Bradshaigh seems to have somewhat disconcerted Richardson by her undisguised partiality for that reprehensible personage, Lovelace. She must have exercised him still more by the indulgence with which she referred to 'Clarissa's' rival, 'Tom Jones.' With much of the little man's annoyance at what he called the 'lewd and un-

generous engraftment' upon 'Pamela' of 'Joseph Andrews,' it is difficult not to sympathize, but his continual exhibitions of irritation are certainly undignified. Fielding's recognition, in the 'Jacobite's Journal,' of the genius of 'Clarissa' was powerless to mollify him, and his utterances are almost abject in their querulous ill-nature. He finds the characters and situations in 'Amelia' 'so wretchedly low and dirty' that he cannot get beyond the first volume; 'Tom Jones' is a 'spurious brat' with 'a coarse title'; its author has overwritten himself; he hath no invention; his works have no sale—and so forth. But the most ludicrous disclosure of his mingled animosity and jealousy is to be found in an unpublished correspondence at South Kensington with Aaron Hill's daughters, Astræa and Minerva. He has not, he announces, as yet brought himself to read 'Tom Jones,' though he clearly knows a great deal about the book; and he asks the two girls to report upon it, manifestly anticipating from them, as fervent admirers of the 'divine Clarissa,' a verdict entirely consolatory to his own uneasy vanity. But the fair critics, who, despite their absurd and actual names (there was a third sister, Urania), were evidently very sensible young women, return what, making due allowance for

some transparent conciliation of the sensitive author they are addressing, is a remarkably just appreciation of Fielding's masterpiece. It was, in fact, a great deal too just for their correspondent, who, though he still claims to have been discouraged from reading the book, does not on that account scruple in his rejoinder to criticise the hero, the heroine, and the plot with such asperity as to draw tears of mortification from the fine eyes of Minerva and Astræa, who cannot endure that Mr. Richardson should think it possible that they could 'approve of Any thing, in Any work, that had an *Evil Tendency*.' They have still the courage, however, to maintain (through their father) that, when Mr. Richardson has time to study 'Tom Jones' for himself, he will find 'a Thread of Moral Meaning' in it. Whether he did eventually peruse it, history has not recorded. For the moment he preferred to write another long letter condemning it on hearsay, but he refrained from prejudicing his judgment by making its acquaintance at first hand. That he would ever have approved it, is scarcely to be hoped. The wound inflicted by 'Joseph Andrews' remained incurable. It was *nulla medicabilis herba*.

To-day the rivals lie far enough apart: the one

on the hill at Lisbon, the other in St. Bride's. It is a favourite commonplace of literature to fable that, in some Lucianic and ultra-Stygian Land of Shadows, the great ones who have departed meet again, and adjust their former differences. But whatever may come to pass in another sphere, it is not easy to conceive of any circumstances in which these two could ever have lived harmoniously on this particularly earthy planet of ours. No men were ever more absolutely antipathetic—more fundamentally and radically opposed—than Richardson with his shrinking, prudish, careful, self-searching nature, and Fielding with his large, reckless, generous, exuberant temperament. Their literary methods were no less at variance. The one, with the schooling of a tradesman, was mainly a *spectator ab intra;* the other, with the education of a gentleman, mainly a *spectator ab extra.* If one had an unrivalled knowledge of Woman, the other had an unrivalled experience of Man. To Richardson's subjective gifts were added an extraordinary persistence of mental application, and a merciless power of cumulative details ; to Fielding's objective faculty, the keen perceptions of a humorist, and a matchless vein of irony. Both were reputed to have written '*le premier roman du monde.*' Each has

been called by his admirers 'the Father of the English Novel.' It would be more exact to divide the paternity—to speak of Richardson as the Father of the Novel of Sentiment, and Fielding as the Father of the Novel of Manners.

'LITTLE ROUBILLAC.'

WHEN, *circa* 1760, Goldsmith's Chinese Philosopher visited this country, he made it part of his duty to seek out famous living men. In one of his letters he records the result. He looked for them in the book-shops, and could not find them; he looked for them in the windows of the print-sellers, and neither were they there. They were, in short, nowhere discoverable—'*eo clariores quia imagines eorum non deferebantur*,' says this accomplished Oriental, quoting Tacitus, and thereby unkindly anticipating the 'conspicuous by their absence' of a latter-day Prime Minister. Failing of the living, he fell back upon the dead, and repaired to Westminster Abbey. But at that time the national Valhalla was not more discriminating than the popular voice. He discovered, indeed, numerous new monuments to notabilities of whose existence he was totally ignorant, and whose names he speedily forgot; although he afterwards well remembered that Roubillac was the statuary who carved them. 'I could not help smiling at two modern epitaphs in

particular ; one of which praised the deceased for being *ortus ex antiqua stirpe;* the other commended the dead, because *hanc ædem suis sumptibus reædificavit:* the greatest merit of one, consisted in his being descended from an illustrious house ; the chief distinction of the other, that he had propped up an old house that was falling. Alas, alas, cried I, such monuments as these confer honour, not upon the great men, but upon little Roubillac.'

This passage from the 'Citizen of the World,' written a few months before Roubillac's death, is almost too ambiguous to prove much in the way of an acquaintance between Goldsmith and the sculptor.[1] It has been called a friendly mention, but it might also be explained as a contemptuous one. Yet, with a line in the poems of Churchill's friend, Lloyd, and a reference in Foote's comedy of 'Taste,' it apparently makes up the sum of what eighteenth-century *belles-lettres* has devoted to the most popular artist in stone who flourished under the second George. Lord Chesterfield, whose bust Roubillac modelled, is said to have declared that he was the only statuary of his day, and that all the rest were nothing more than stonecutters. But

[1] There is a popular anecdote connecting the pair, but its authenticity is not above suspicion.

Pope, whom he carved far better than Rysbrack, never enshrined his name in the amber of a couplet; nor did Hogarth, whom he equally immortalized, work him into the accessories of a picture. He seems, in short, to have suffered, with more than usual severity, that frequent fate of the migrating artist—to be neglected in the land of his adoption, and forgotten in the land of his birth. He was the contemporary of Horace Walpole, yet Horace Walpole—perhaps because of Roubillac's connection with his untuneable brother Edward—is culpably perfunctory in his account of him. Allan Cunningham's sketch in the 'Lives,' on the other hand, is palpably padded; and beyond these nothing now remains but a stray paper in a magazine, a few dispersed dictionary articles, and a brief essay in biography. The story of this last is curious enough. Ten years ago, M. Le Roy de Sainte-Croix, a French art critic of some achievement, who, like Roubillac, was a native of Lyons, resolved to rouse his countrymen generally, and his townsmen in particular, into some recognition of their distinguished compatriot. With a view to the erection of a statue, he set about the preparation of a life. His book, which is entitled 'Vie et Ouvrages de L. F. Roubillac, Sculpteur Lyonnais

(1695-1762), par Le Roy de Sainte-Croix (du "Journal des Arts"),' purports on its title-page to be published by P. Ollendorff, 28*bis*, Rue de Richelieu, and its date is 1882. It was set up in type by an English firm of printers now no longer existent; and it was no doubt intended that the sheets should be sent to Paris. But, for some unexplained reason, this was not done, and M. Ollendorff, we are credibly informed, never even beheld a copy of the book which bears his name as 'Editeur.' In 1882 the author died, and after much patient inquiry we have failed to find any copy of his work except in the Art Library at South Kensington. This is to be regretted, because, though scarcely extending beyond the limits of a pamphlet, M. Sainte-Croix's essay is distinctly what Montaigne calls 'un livre de bonne foy.' The author must have diligently ransacked many sources for material; and, unlike some French writers, must have studied his subject on the spot. In spite of occasional repetition, his work, though of necessity incomplete, remains the sole existing attempt at any separate and systematic account of Roubillac's career.

His full name was Louis Francis Roubillac, afterwards phonetically anglicized into Roubiliac; and he was born at Lyons in 1695. He is

supposed to have studied under his townsman Nicolas, the elder of the Coustous, and he was subsequently a pupil of Balthazar, sculptor to the Elector of Saxony. By the earlier authorities, he is said to have found his way to England in 1720; but as he is not definitely heard of here until eighteen years later, and as, in 1730, he gained the second Grand Prix of the Académie Royale de Peinture et de Sculpture with a group representing 'Daniel saving the chaste Susanna at the moment when she was being led to death,' it is highly probable that his settlement in this country has been antedated. According to Northcote, his first employment in England was that of journeyman to Jervas's *protégé*, Thomas Carter of Knightsbridge, who afterwards executed a bas-relief for Colonel Townsend's monument in Westminster Abbey, and who divides with Bird's assistant, Delvaux, a somewhat doubtful claim to the authorship of the leaden lion which was once so prominent an object on old Northumberland House. It is to be feared that Roubillac's first function in Carter's establishment was little more than that of a 'botcher' or repairer of antiques, for Smith, in his 'Life of Nollekens,' gives the ingredients of a cunning paste compacted of porter grounds, yolk of egg, Gloucester cheese,

and plaster of Paris, with which the new recruit was wont to renovate the battered bustos of gods and goddesses. Some time after 1732, however, he had the good fortune to find a pocket-book in Vauxhall Gardens belonging to Edward Walpole, Horace Walpole's brother, and, returning it with commendable promptitude to its owner, was also fortunate enough to find a life-long protector. In his way Edward Walpole was a virtuoso and connoisseur, and he recommended Roubillac to Henry Cheere, whose stone-yard, with its once popular leaden figures for gardens, is often referred to in eighteenth-century literature. Cheere is 'the man at Hyde Park Corner' of whom Lord Ogleby speaks in the 'Clandestine Marriage'; and it is obviously to Cheere's collection that Robert Lloyd refers in the 'Cit's Country Box':

> 'And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
> The Gods of Athens, and of Rome.
> Here squabby Cupids take their places,
> With Venus, and the clumsy Graces:
> Apollo there, with aim so clever,
> Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
> And there, without the pow'r to fly,
> Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.'

How long Roubillac laboured in Cheere's

leaden Pantheon is uncertain; but it is with Cheere that tradition definitely connects what is reputed to be his first original work in England. In or about the year 1738 Jonathan Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall, who seems to have been very much at the mercy of his friends (he had already been persuaded by the painters Hayman and Hogarth to decorate the gardens with paintings), applied to Cheere for his suggestions. Cheere, in duty bound, regarded sculpture as an indispensable addition. He was also so friendly as to hint that, in such a musical resort, nothing could be more appropriate than a statue of Handel as Orpheus; and having gone thus far, he went on to recommend that the work should be entrusted to his clever French journeyman. This was the origin of the well-known sitting statue of Handel, once so familiar to Vauxhall visitors, not only in its proper place, an arch decorated with a figure of St. Cecilia flanked by Harmony and Genius, but upon the plates, crockery, and tickets of the gardens. It was erected in May, 1738; and Tyers is said to have given Mr. Cheere's nominee £300 for his pains. J. T. Smith professes to have derived the particulars of this transaction from the memoranda of his father, who had been one of Roubillac's pupils; but, seeing that the journals of

the day represent Roubillac as carving the statue in his own studio at Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane (the room afterwards occupied by the St. Martin's Academy), it must be assumed either that he set up for himself upon obtaining Tyers' commission, or that he had previously done so. Handel's statue was not his only contribution to the beauties of the Surrey paradise. The old guides to Vauxhall mention, and attribute to his hand, a further statue of Milton modelled in lead, and 'seated on a rock, in an attitude listening to soft music,' as he is described in his 'Il Penseroso.' What has become of this is not recorded. It may, from its material, have been anterior to the Handel, which, after many vicissitudes, eventually came into the hands of its present owner, Mr. Alfred Littleton. The model, once the property of Nollekens, was last in the possession of Hamlet the silversmith.

With the completion of the Handel statue, the life of Roubillac passes once more from the datable to the conjectural. That he had set up for himself we know. But—observes Walpole, in a passage which probably refers to this period—'he had little business till Sir Edward Walpole recommended him for half the busts at Trinity College, Dublin.' Of these M. Sainte-Croix says no-

thing; but one of them must certainly have been the bust of Swift which is copied for the frontispiece of Mr. Craik's admirable biography, and which, moreover, is mentioned by Sir William Wilde. As Swift never returned to England after 1727, it is scarcely possible that the bust can have been modelled from life, and it is no doubt based upon Jervas's portrait. But with the bust of Pope, executed for Bolingbroke in 1741, we are on firmer ground, as it is expressly stated to be from nature, and consequently represents the Pope of the 'New Dunciad.' The original clay model, which was exhibited at the Pope Commemoration of 1888, is in the possession of Mr. Hallam Murray of Newstead, Wimbledon. It once belonged to Rogers, at whose sale it was purchased by the late Mr. John Murray; and it bears, especially about the mouth, every evidence of that strong marking of the facial muscles which Reynolds had observed to be characteristic of deformed persons. The sculptor himself, in an anecdote preserved by Malone, went further still. He found, in the contracted appearance of the skin between the eyebrows, proof permanent of that 'aching head' to which Pope so often refers. The bust, which is without the wig and shows the natural hair, is one of Roubillac's most successful efforts. It of

course fails to reproduce the magic of the wonderful eye; but it is full of courage, keenness, and alert intelligence.

Other commissions no doubt followed. Indeed, it is not improbable that to this period belong the *terra cotta* models and casts now decorating the cases of the Glass and Ceramic Gallery in the British Museum, to which institution, soon after the sculptor's death, they were presented by Lord Chesterfield's biographer, Dr. Maty. They comprise among others, in addition to several confessed copies from the antique, studies of Shakespeare, Milton, Cromwell, Mead (of the Library), Martin Folkes the antiquary, Chesterfield, Richard Bentley, and the naturalists Ray and Willoughby. Many of the finished marbles are now in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Speaking generally, these busts are, as might be expected, most successful when the artist has worked *ad vivum;* and the superior excellence of Folkes and Mead and Chesterfield is conspicuous when they are contrasted with Cromwell and Milton and Charles I. But to the year 1743, or thereabouts, is to be attributed the first datable specimen of that 'sculpture monumentale et historique' which Roubillac is generally regarded as having been mainly instrumental in introducing into England.

In 1743 departed this life a soldier rated by some as second only to Marlborough himself, and a statesman and an orator moreover to whom Pope had consecrated a couplet in the 'Satires.' This was that favoured child of fortune, John Campbell, second Duke of Argyll, and only Duke of Greenwich. An admiring friend having by will supplied the funds for a sumptuous monument, the design, through the interest of Edward Walpole, was entrusted to Roubillac. Thus came about the remarkable performance in the South Transept of Westminster Abbey, where History (discreetly pausing at that title of Greenwich which died with him) inscribes His Grace's deeds upon a pyramid, while Britannia mourns sympathetically at the side, and Eloquence, a figure which won extravagant praise from John Bacon and Canova, illustrates by her speaking posture that gift of oral 'persuasion' with which the Duke is credited:

> 'From his rich tongue
> Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate.'

This, with one exception the finest of Roubillac's monumental efforts, was followed by three others in the nave, conceived in the same allegoric pattern—that to Marshal Wade, and those to General Fleming and General Hargrave. It is

at these last-named mural medleys, and at General Hargrave's in particular, that Goldsmith is supposed to glance when he speaks of the memorials which dignify their designer rather than the dead. Neither General Fleming nor General Hargrave had done anything deserving either of a sculptor or a *vates sacer*. The former, indeed, had been wounded as a captain under Marlborough at Blenheim, and had been present at Falkirk and Culloden. But to the exploits of the latter not even the all-embracing 'Dictionary of National Biography' has vouchsafed a line, though he has an earthquake to himself at Westminster.

In the year 1750 History, not prodigal in the minor details of Roubillac's life, records that Tyers lent him twenty pounds—a painful reminder that even costly tributes to rich men do not always ensure opulence. In the following year he executed a monument at Oxford to Henry Chichele, the founder of All Souls. Then, at the beginning of 1752, being himself of the mature age of fifty-seven, he married. Of this fact there can be no doubt, as it was 'in all the papers'; and Mr. Justice Fielding copied it from the 'General Advertiser,' with other fashionable intelligence, into Number 4 of his own newly-

established 'Covent Garden Journal.' 'A Few Days since [the date of this veracious record is January 11, 1752] was married Mr. Roubiliac, an eminent Statuary in St. Martin's Lane, to Miss Crosby of Deptford, a celebrated Beauty, with a Fortune of ten Thousand Pounds.' Here, it should seem, in the conventional phrase at which Fielding was so fond of poking fun, were 'all the Accomplishments necessary to render the Marriage State truly happy.' But, unluckily, this is absolutely the only reference to the circumstance which has survived. The 'Fortune of ten Thousand Pounds' (if it ever existed) must have vanished like fairy gold, for, ten years later, Roubillac died in poverty; while the charms of the lady can scarcely have been of an imperative character, since her husband, not many months after his marriage, went on a continental tour, leaving his wife behind. When, in October, 1752, Reynolds was hastening homeward from Italy he met his old master Hudson, Arthur Pond, and Roubillac, on their way to Rome—Roubillac going for the first time. Of this belated exploration of classic art, accounts vary. 'He staid but three days in Rome,' said Flaxman contemptuously, 'and laughed at ancient sculpture.' But Northcote tells a different tale. According

to him, Roubillac spoke rapturously to Reynolds about what he had seen abroad. The key to this apparent contradiction probably lies in the fact that what Roubillac praised to Reynolds was, not so much those time-honoured antiques that Flaxman loved, but the more modern masterpieces of a sculptor whose work appealed more directly to his own personal taste and traditions. What chiefly attracted Roubillac in the Eternal City was the transitory work of Bernini. And it was no doubt Bernini whom he had in mind when, on his return, he hurried nervously to Westminster to inspect his own efforts by the light of his latest experiences. The result (he told Reynolds sadly) was profoundly humiliating. All he had done seemed 'meagre and starved, as if made of nothing but tobacco-pipes.'

From this date his story becomes more than ever the record of his work, and of that work it is only necessary to specify the more successful pieces. In 1753 he completed another great sepulchral trophy, the monument to Admiral Sir Peter Warren, which includes a brawny Hercules (with thews carefully studied from the watermen and chairmen of the period) and a justly-praised figure of Navigation. The Warren monument

is in the North Transept of the Abbey. Five years later he executed for Garrick, and, in a measure, from Garrick, who posed as his model, the well-known statue of Shakespeare, which, after long decorating its special temple in the actor's villa at Hampton, now, under his will, decorates the entrance hall of the British Museum. For this work Garrick gave Roubillac three hundred guineas, and he also gave him an infinity of trouble. By ill luck the marble turned out streaked, and the actor complained that Roubillac had carved him a Shakespeare marked with mulberries, upon which the compliant sculptor removed the head and substituted another. After Shakespeare, came a second but not very successful statue of Handel above his grave in Poets' Corner; and, lastly, what may be regarded as Roubillac's masterpiece in this line, the well-known monument to Mr. Nightingale and his wife, Lady Huntingdon's sister. Death, shrouded and terrible, bursts through the black doors at the base of the monument, and threatens with his dart the failing figure of the young wife (she was but six-and-twenty), who sinks dissolving on her husband's arm. The group, which, like the Warren monument, suggests the influence of Bernini, is the *ne plus ultra* of the Roubillac manner, theatric,

fantastic, artificial if you will, but extraordinarily dexterous and clever; and one almost feels inclined to sympathize with the burglar of tradition, who, having entered the Abbey on a moonlight night with felonious intent, was so startled by Death's hostile attitude that he decamped at once, leaving his professional 'jemmy' or crowbar of office (*oppositis foribus minax*) on the pavement in front of the tomb. It is still, according to Dean Stanley, piously preserved as a testimony to his terror.

The above examples by no means exhaust the list of Roubillac's successes. At Trinity College, Cambridge, there is a justly celebrated statue, the—

> 'Newton with his prism[1] and silent face,
> The marble index of a mind for ever
> Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone'—

which Wordsworth used on moonlight nights to watch from his window at St. John's; in Worcester Cathedral there are notable monuments to Bishops Hough and Hurd. Another much-praised performance is that in the church of Walton-upon-Thames to the last Lord Shannon —a further compilation in the Hargrave and

[1] He holds a prism in his hand.

Fleming manner of allegorical figures, guns, drums, and standards in stone. Besides these, scattered about in public institutions and private galleries, there are a number of busts, like the Hogarth in the National Portrait Gallery, the Wilton in the Royal Academy, and the Garrick at the Garrick Club, which only need a patient and conscientious chronicler. After the Nightingale monument, however, which was erected in 1761, Roubillac can have done little, for early in the following year, on the 11th of January, he died, and was buried four days later 'in St. Martin's Church-yard, under the window of the Bell Bagnio.' His funeral was attended by Hogarth, Reynolds, Hayman, and the leading members of that St. Martin's Lane Academy which, when he moved his studio from Peter's Court, had entered upon his vacated premises. He need not, one would think, have died poor, for a receipt in the Morrison Collection of Autographs for £500 for the Lynn monument in Southwick Church, Northamptonshire, shows that his prices in his later years were by no means contemptible. Yet, according to Smith's 'Nollekens,' he left this world so seriously in debt that his effects, when all necessary expenses were defrayed, paid no more than eighteenpence in the pound.

At the Spring Gardens Exhibition of May, 1761—that second exhibition to the Catalogue of which Hogarth contributed its most effective decorations—there was a portrait in oil of Roubillac, purporting to be executed by himself. To infer its value from the fact that it only fetched three and sixpence at the sale of his property would be unwise, since, at the same sale, a copy by Reynolds of the Chandos Shakespeare realized, with seven other pictures, no more than a paltry ten shillings. But seeing that the Spring Gardens Catalogue expressly describes the portrait as the artist's 'first attempt,' it is probable that its merits were not obtrusive. Fortunately, its loss is more than compensated for by the very characteristic half-length—also in the same exhibition, and now at Bethnal Green—which was painted by his Swiss friend, Adrien Carpentiers. This, the black-and-white aspect of which is familiar in the mezzotint of David Martin (1765), shows Roubillac at work upon a statuette of Shakespeare, the head of which he is delicately touching with his modelling tool. The portrait is that of a spare-fleshed, keen-featured little man, with red lips and bright eyes, full of vivacity and nervous energy. His dark-skinned Gallic face is closely shaven; he wears a grey, frogged coat, artistically

open at the throat, and in place of his wig, a greenish-looking cap.

From the scattered anecdotes which have been recorded of him, taken in connection with his likeness and his work, it is comparatively easy to construct his character. Though he lived here for a quarter of a century, he remained a foreigner, preserving the characteristics of his race, and to the last speaking English 'as she is spoke' (for Frenchmen) in the pages of Fielding and Smollett. An enthusiast in his art, and an unwearied worker, his pleasures—at all events during his bachelorhood—seem to have been confined to an evening look-in, for chess or draughts, at Old Slaughter's, or some of the other friendly hostelries of St. Martin's Lane, where, at that time, 'most did congregate' the literary and artistic notabilities of the neighbourhood—Isaac Ware, the architect (whose bust Roubillac modelled); Hogarth and Hudson; Parry, the blind harper; McArdell and Luke Sullivan, the engravers; Hubert Bourguignon, otherwise Gravelot, the book-illustrator; and Moser, more familiarly known as Old Moser, the keeper of the St. Martin's Lane Academy. In such a company, one must imagine Roubillac passing briskly to and fro, and energetically 'piecing the imperfections' of his English by his

emphatic gestures. When absorbed by his work he was often absent-minded, and perhaps not without the affectation of a greater eccentricity than he really possessed. Once, while he was engaged on the Nightingale monument, a messenger found him plunged in a fit of abstraction before one of the kneeling figures in the adjacent tomb of Sir Francis Vere. 'Hush!'—he whispered mysteriously, when his attention was at length aroused—'hush! he vil speak presently.' Upon another occasion, being pre-occupied with his own conception of Mr. Nightingale, he suddenly dropped his knife and fork at dinner, and flung himself into an attitude of horror which almost petrified the unlucky serving-boy at whom his looks appeared to be directed. Something of the same restless and impulsive extravagance no doubt passed into and exaggerated his manner of speaking. There is a story that when he wanted an inscription for one of his Westminster efforts, Reynolds accompanied him to Johnson's famous Gough Square garret. Roubillac straightway began a full-blown and highly-seasoned harangue in order to explain his mission. But the big man was down upon him instanter, bidding him bluntly (in Falstaff phrase) 'deliver himself like a man of this world.'

'Come, come, Sir,' said he, in his most magisterial manner, 'let us have no more of this bombastic, ridiculous rhodomontade. Let me know, in simple language, the name, character, and quality of the person whose epitaph you intend to have me write.'

As a sculptor, Roubillac retains the traces of his foreign training as markedly as he retains the impress of his foreign nationality. To the last he is the pupil of Coustou and Balthazar; and he had little temptation to be otherwise. Neither from Rysbrack nor Scheemakers—aliens like himself, and schooled upon alien models—was he likely to learn anything, even if they had been his superiors in ability, which they certainly were not; and there was no English master of sufficient importance to influence him in any way. Indeed, to define him accurately, one has to go back to the old distinction between Greek and Roman art—between the type and the individual. It is not to the school of Phidias or Praxiteles that Roubillac belongs; it is to the school of Lysippus, or rather of his brother Lysistratus. With the lover in the old song, 'it is not Beauty he demands'—at all events it is not Beauty exclusively; it is Character first. One can understand how opposed his 'tormented' and dramatic

manner must have been to the restrained and stately style of Flaxman,—Flaxman who could see in Roubillac nothing but conceits and epigrams of the chisel. One can understand also how infinitely Roubillac would have preferred to Flaxman's Greek severities what Northcote calls 'the captivating and luxuriant splendours of Bernini.' Roubillac, in short, besides being a Frenchman in grain, which was much, was also an eighteenth-century realist, which was more. He delighted in the seizure of fugitive expression, the fixing of momentary gesture, the indication of moods of mind, the ingenious reproduction of costume, detail, surface, texture. He copies the marks of small-pox, the traces of ancient scars, the clocks of a stocking, the petty folds and trivial wrinkles of material. In his work it is idle to look for repose, for gravity, for dignity. But he will give you action, even to gesticulation; expression, even to grimace. He is most happy in his busts; and these again are best of their kind when, like those of Pope and Hogarth, they are modelled from the life. Of his elaborate monumental and sepulchral efforts, the day is past. Still, they had their day; and those to whom the Nightingale tomb now seems bizarre and exotic, may nevertheless

take pleasure in remembering that it was once admired by a great authority on the Sublime and Beautiful—by the critic and orator, Edmund Burke.

NIVERNAIS IN ENGLAND.

ALTHOUGH of late years two bulky volumes[1] have been devoted to Louis-Jules-Henri-Barbon Mancini-Mazarini, Duke of Nivernais and Donziois, Peer of France, Grandee of Spain of the first class, Prince of the Holy Empire, Roman Baron, and grand-nephew of Cardinal Mazarin, they are rather proofs of what may be done by a practised writer with imperfect material than examples of eventful biography. As a matter of fact, his Grace's life presents no very moving accidents. He had, indeed, in his youth been a soldier under Villars and Belle-Isle. But he had speedily quitted the army from ill-health; and almost the only notable circumstance connected with his military career is, that his 'farewell' to the 'pluméd troop and the big wars' of Louis Quinze was couched in the unusual form of a rhymed *épître* to the regiment of which he was colonel. At the age of

[1] 'Un Petit-Neveu de Mazarin,' 5e éd., 1891; and 'La Fin du XVIIIe Siècle,' 4e éd., 1892,—both by the lady who employs the pseudonym of 'Lucien Perey.'

twenty-six, he had been elected a member of the French Academy, succeeding the celebrated Massillon, and having Marivaux for co-nominee. But he had printed nothing; and his literary claim was based mainly upon an unpublished parallel between Horace and Boileau, and a series of privately-circulated poems to the very young lady whom, in his teens, he had married, and with whom, aided by the family diamonds and a state 'coiffure en grandes boucles,' he subsequently fell violently in love. He was a favourite and capable actor in that 'Théâtre des Petits-Cabinets,' with its company of dukes and countesses, by which Madame de Pompadour sought to revive her fading hold upon the King; but he filled no prominent Court office, chiefly, it is conjectured, because of his connection by marriage with the great minister Maurepas, of whom the favourite was the deadly enemy. Yet, notwithstanding all this, he is a distinctly interesting figure in the society of the last century. He is almost the typical example of personal amenity, of refined charm and courtesy—of the 'grand seigneur homme de cour,' as the Prince de Ligne called him —of the canonical 'homme de bonne compagnie.' There cannot be a better judge in this matter than Lord Chesterfield, who knew him, and, in

some respects, resembled him in character; and Chesterfield speaks with no uncertain voice. 'I send you here enclosed,' he writes to Philip Stanhope, 'a letter of recommendation to the Duke of Nivernois . . . who is, in my opinion, one of the prettiest men I ever knew in my life. I do not know a better model for you to form yourself upon: pray observe and frequent him as much as you can. He will show you what Manners and Graces are.'

With these qualities, it is perhaps only natural that Nivernais should shine as a diplomatist; and, as it happens, his occasional employments in this capacity are the salient features of his life. When Lord Chesterfield wrote the above, the Duke was representing the French Court at Rome; and he was afterwards sent to Berlin, and to London. Madame Geoffrin called him maliciously an 'ambassadeur manqué,' but the epithet is unjust. With abundance of acuteness and resource as a negotiator, his misfortune in his first two missions was that he had either nothing to do, or was not expected to do anything. His chief duty at Rome, where he remained four years, was to prevent Benedict XIV. from meddling with French clerical affairs, and from putting Montesquieu's 'Esprit des Lois' into the 'Index Ex-

purgatorius.' In both of these tasks he succeeded; and the Holy Father referred to him approvingly as the 'worthy ambassador of a very great king,' and also laid stress upon his 'extreme politeness.' At Berlin he was ostensibly charged with the conclusion of a treaty with Frederick, while Frederick, on the one hand, was privately negotiating with England, and Bernis and the Marquise de Pompadour, on the other, were privately negotiating with Austria. Yet even in this futile function he managed to secure for himself the good-will of the King of Prussia. 'Ne me parlez plus du duc de Nivernais,' wrote Frederick to Maupertuis; 'je dirai de lui ce qu'on disait à Rome à la mort de Marcellus: "Les dieux n'ont fait que le montrer à la terre." Ce n'était pas la peine de faire sa connaissance pour le perdre pour toujours.' Elsewhere the utterance is less 'alembicate.' 'Avec beaucoup d'esprit et de connaissances, il est sans prétentions. La simplicité de ses mœurs annonce la candeur de son âme. Je suis bien malheureux qu'il ne soit pas né à Berlin, je vous assure bien que je ne l'enverrais à aucune ambassade, et qu'il ne sortirait de chez moi.' But the most important, as well as the most successful, of the Duke's political errands was that to this country in 1762-3, when he was charged with

the treaty which concluded the Seven Years' War. This episode in his career, moreover, has not been discussed by his latest biographer with such overpowering fulness as to preclude the possibility of adding some illustrative detail from contemporary newspapers and other sources. It is therefore proposed in this article to detach from the straggling story of his life a brief account of his embassy to England.

The deaths in succession of his only son, of his son-in-law, M. de Gisors, a young man of unusual promise killed at the battle of Crefeld, and of Gisors' father, Marshal Belle-Isle, had deepened Nivernais' constitutional melancholy, and left him more than ever a prey to that mysterious eighteenth-century malady, the vapours, when his old friend, the Count de Choiseul-Praslin, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, approached him with a proposition. He suggested that the Duke should undertake the delicate negotiations for peace with England which France, exhausted by war and by the disastrous alliance she had concluded seven years earlier with Austria, was now eager to arrange. On our side the eagerness was not so great. The new King, George III., was indeed anxious for peace, as was his very unpopular minister, Bute; but Pitt and the bulk of the

Opposition were 'absolute for war,' and their views were shared by the nation at large. The task allotted to Nivernais was consequently by no means an easy one, and his selection for so critical an office, in spite of the unwillingness in high places to dignify the brother-in-law of Maurepas, is a testimony to the value placed upon his diplomatic ability. In August, 1762, he was officially appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to London from His Most Christian Majesty Louis XV.; the Duke of Bedford, on the other hand, being appointed to Paris. Nivernais brought with him as his secretary that ambiguous personage, M. d'Éon de Beaumont, then a captain in the d'Autichamp regiment of dragoons. They crossed from Calais in the 'Princess Augusta' yacht (Captain Ray), which had already, a day or two earlier, carried Bedford to France; and they arrived at Dover at half-past eight on the morning of September 11, having occupied five hours in coming, as against the two hours and forty minutes in which Bedford had made the passage. Notwithstanding this inconsistency of the elements, Nivernais distributed one hundred guineas among the yacht's crew. At Dover he was welcomed with salvoes of cannon, and much appearance of enthusiasm. He proceeded to

Canterbury the same day in a coach-and-six provided by the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Poyntz (probably William, elder son of Stephen Poyntz, the Duke of Cumberland's former governor), who had accompanied him from Paris, posting to town in advance to prepare for his arrival. At Canterbury, as at Dover, he found the troops under arms to welcome him. The landlord of the 'Red Lion,' where he alighted, having suffered considerably during the war by the billeting of soldiers upon that hostelry, conceived the brilliant idea of recouping himself at one blow for much unremunerative small beer by fleecing the French Ambassador. For a night's lodging to twelve persons, and a modest supper of which the solids were restricted to boiled mutton, fowls, poached eggs, fried whiting, and a few oysters, he presented the Duke with a bill of £44 odd. The details of this curiosity in extortion, which was printed in most of the London newspapers, are as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Tea, coffee, and chocolate	1	4	0
Supper for self and servants . . .	15	10	0
Bread and beer	3	0	0
Fruit	2	15	0
Wine and punch	10	8	8

	£	s.	d.
Wax candles and charcoal	3	0	0
Broken glass and china	2	10	0
Lodging	1	7	0
Tea, coffee, and chocolate . . .	2	0	0
Chaise and horses for next stage . .	2	16	0

The charge for lodging, it will be seen, is almost the smallest item. Nivernais, of course, paid the bill *en grand seigneur*, merely remarking that business on such terms must be exceptionally profitable. The sequel of the story is, however, entirely to the credit of 'perfidious Albion.' The county gentry were scandalized at the imposition, and the other Canterbury innkeepers at once took steps to disclaim all connection with their rapacious brother. In a letter to the 'St. James's Chronicle,' the 'Lion' endeavoured to justify himself upon the grounds above stated; but he was practically boycotted, and ruined in six months, being at last only set on his feet again by the Duke himself, who helped him from France with money.[1]

[1] These final and rather apocryphal details appear to rest upon the authority of Grosley's 'Londres,' as quoted at pp. 241-42 of vol. i. of the 'Œuvres Posthumes du Duc de Nivernois,' 1807. But it may be noted that in June, 1763, the house, judging from a passage in Smollett's

Starting from Canterbury at six in the morning, Nivernais drove to Rochester, which he reached at half-past ten. Here he dined excellently (probably at the 'Crown' of Hogarth's 'Five Days' Tour') for the moderate sum of three guineas, from which he concludes 'that there are honest people everywhere.' After a three hours' halt, he went forward to London, delighted on the way with his post-prandial glimpses of the river and the fertile Kentish landscape. 'The open country' (he writes) 'is cultivated like the kitchen gardens of Choisy; the roads which intersect it resemble our rampart; and you follow nearly all the way, at little less than a league distance, the course of the Thames. It is more than half a league broad, and is covered with ships and boats which come, go, and cross incessantly from either bank. On every side, and as far as the eye can reach, you behold the finest country in the universe; the most populous, the most animated, the most cultivated, the

, Travels,' was still open under the same landlord. There can, however, be little doubt that its business suffered. When, somewhat later, the Duchess of Bedford passed through Canterbury on her way to join her husband at Paris, it was observed (says the 'London Chronicle') that she put up at the 'King's Head.'

most varied in all kinds of products.' Towards nightfall, he crossed the 'magnificent bridge' of Westminster, and found himself rumbling slowly over the 'detestable pavement' of London. His destination was Burlington Street, where a temporary resting-place for himself and his staff had been secured in a house relinquished by the aforementioned Mr. Poyntz.

It had been intended, as we learn from Lady Hervey and others, that he should occupy Lord Pembroke's mansion in the Privy Garden at Whitehall, but in view of Lord Pembroke's expected return from Germany at the end of the campaign, this arrangement fell through. Then Mr. Poyntz's house was discovered to be too small (the Duke's complete retinue numbered nearly a hundred); and d'Éon and the secretariat had to be hastily transferred to Soho Square. All this was discomforting. 'Il est fort embarrassé de l'habitation qu'il aura,' wrote Madame de Rochefort to the Marquis de Mirabeau. Finally he fixed upon Lady Yarmouth's house in Albemarle Street, and here he remained during his stay in England. As an occasional refuge from the dreaded London smoke, he was offered by the Bedford family what he designates 'une petite guinguette' a little out of town, which was re-

ported to be 'very small and shabby, but in a good air and fully furnished.' This is probably an inadequate description, for, according to the 'London Chronicle,' the country seat in question was Streatham House in Surrey, afterwards the residence of the Duke's grandson, the Lord William Russell who was murdered by his Swiss valet, Courvoisier. But Nivernais had not seen the place when he described it as above to Choiseul.

His reception in London, though not equal to that given to Bedford in France, was still sufficiently enthusiastic, the 'parti du Roi' ('je suis obligé,' he says apologetically, 'd'employer ce langage quelque mal sonnant qu'il soit pour un Français') being especially cordial. Not many days after his arrival, he had separate audiences of the King, the Queen, the Princess Dowager of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Princess Augusta. He also visited Lord Bute and the Earl of Egremont, and suffered at the hands of Lord Spencer, the Earl of Thomond, Mr. Grenville, and others, some of those interminable state entertainments which, with his 'peevish *petit santé*,' were the most difficult part of his duties. 'Ma machine est bien faible pour soutenir l'excellent accueil et traitement qu'on fait ici à ma

chétive personne,' he writes on September 20th; and we learn from Walpole that he was too ill on the 23rd to witness at Windsor the grand installation of Prince William and Lord Bute as Knights of the Garter. Nevertheless, he had by this time already mastered the state of affairs, and on the 24th he summarized his impressions in a lengthy and admirable letter to Choiseul. After explaining that the King's party practically consisted of His Majesty, Lord Bute, and the Duke of Bedford, he goes on to describe the Opposition:

'At the head of the party which cries out against peace and which wishes for war is Mr. Pitt, who must always be regarded as the idol of the people and of a part of Parliament. At the head of the party which dislikes war, and which nevertheless works against peace, is the Duke of Newcastle, who is supposed to regret his loss of office, and can only regain it by the overthrow of the ministry. There is a third party, having affinities with the two others, which has for leader the Duke of Cumberland. This prince is dissatisfied, and wishes for war, but he does not enter into all the extreme manœuvres of Pitt's followers; and, as regards conduct, inclines to the Newcastle party. Finally, there is the

Prussian party, which serves all the others by intriguing actively against the ministry, and makes use of all the others, in that the interests of the King of Prussia are equally and openly protected by them.

'Mr. Pitt is devoted to Lord Temple, his brother-in-law, who is regarded as the most turbulent, the most factious, the boldest and the most violent spirit in all England. The strength of the Pitt party consists in the riches which Temple squanders upon the cause, and in the credit which the eloquence, the intrigues, and the talents of Pitt have acquired for him in public opinion. . . .

'The Duke of Newcastle, supported by Lord Mansfield, Lord Hardwicke, the Duke of Devonshire, and, it is believed, Lord Halifax, has, for the maintenance of his party, his immense riches, and, as additional resources, the votes which he can command in Parliament, the dependents he has made by the profuse favours of his long administration, and the readiness with which he is known to distribute those favours to anyone who flatters his vanity. . . .

'The Duke of Cumberland, supported by Fox, who governs him, has at his back all the military who wish for the continuation of the

war, although no one is anxious to serve in Germany. His resources are his birth, which gives him the right to speak authoritatively, and which seems to promise a strong protection to his adherents; his riches, of which, notwithstanding his attachment to them, he does not spare to make use in order to secure himself supporters; and his violent character, which affords assurance to all factious persons of a certain sympathy on his part. Such is the material situation of the parties which to-day agitate this country. . . .'[1]

It is needless to re-tell here the story of the treaty with France and Spain of 1763—a story (as Walpole says) to be found 'in all common histories.' But the above will show with what a complexity of interests Nivernais had to contend. In England—as he pointed out to Choiseul—he was not dealing, as in Prussia, with one localized and despotic intelligence, but with half-a-dozen

[1] Several of the politicians above mentioned appear in Hogarth's unlucky print of 'The Times, Plate I.,' which, when Nivernais reached London, had just been published. Indeed, the Duke himself is supposed to figure in it, by anticipation, as a dove with an olive branch. He was not treated so kindly by the Opposition caricaturists, who generally depicted him as a monkey.

dispersed and irreconcilable factions. Among all of these, notwithstanding his valetudinarianism, he flung himself zealously, contriving, conciliating, and finessing, with the prime and immediate object of securing the signature of the preliminaries before the opening of Parliament, when the Opposition might be expected to be heard in full cry. There were difficulties in London with the Secretary of State, Lord Egremont, never a whole-hearted supporter of the peace; there were difficulties with Bedford in Paris. To make matters worse, the express bringing news of the surrender of the Havannah to Albemarle (an event which had occurred some time before Nivernais reached England), arrived to complicate the course of affairs, and, moreover—as ill-luck would have it—arrived at the precise moment when the French ambassador was dining with Lord Bute —a circumstance which, we are told, did not in the least prevent the company from exhibiting much inconsiderate exultation. A more serious result was that this new success, besides considerably swelling the ranks of the Opposition, involved fresh concessions on the part of Spain. Nevertheless, after infinite *ménagements*, diversified by commissions of Bristol water for Choiseul and fans for Madame de Pompadour, and in spite of

'cette maudite Havane,' as the lady called it, the preliminaries were signed at Fontainebleau; and His Majesty King George III., when he went to Parliament on November 25 in the magnificent state coach which had been designed for him by Chambers the architect,[1] was able to announce the fact to both Houses successively, Nivernais being present in each. It is to be presumed that he was also present at the memorable debate in the Commons of a fortnight later, when Pitt, making theatric apparition in faultless black velvet, his legs and thighs wrapped in flannel, spoke, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing, and in a voice broken spasmodically by groans of pain, for three hours and forty minutes against the peace. But, notwithstanding all this, the Definitive Treaty, having surmounted every obstacle—and they were many—was signed in the following February, the ratifications being carried to the French capital by 'le petit d'Éon,' who thus

[1] In Hogarth's 'Canvassing for Votes,' 1757, the low arch of the Horse Guards is shown knocking off the head of a coachman who drives under it. The following passage from the 'London Chronicle' of Oct. 5-7, 1762 (five years later!), is a curious comment upon Hogarth: 'The ground is going to be lowered under the arch at the Horse-guards, to make room for his Majesty's new state-coach to pass through.'

earned, in addition to a pension of 6,000 livres, his title of Chevalier of St. Louis. Had the negotiations been protracted longer, it is probable that the 'chétive personne' of Nivernais would have succumbed to the rigours of the severe winter of 1762-3. He found the smoke and the November fogs especially trying; he had cold after cold; his sight was affected by an old ailment, and he had ulcers in his throat which required the unremitting attention of Maty, his doctor while in England. These things, coupled with his lack of physical energy, were aggravated by the intolerable fatigue of ceaseless diplomatic visits, by the tedium and tension of long-drawn official banquets, and by the burden of an overwhelming correspondence, both private and public,[1] in much of which, etiquette, not less than his own punctilious courtesy, required him to dispense with an amanuensis. His letters to Choiseul, his personal friend as well as ministerial chief, are eloquent upon these miseries, which he charitably concealed from his own womankind at home. 'En vérité,' he writes, 'ce pays-ci est un cruel pays pour la négociation, il y faut une âme

[1] A note to vol. i., p. 37, of the 'Œuvres Posthumes' says that the official despatches of the embassy filled about sixty portfolios.

et un corps de fer.' But he had the gratification of reflecting that in England, at all events, whether sincerely or not, the fact that the peace had been concluded at all was attributed in great measure to the persistence, the tact, and the adroitness of the French ambassador.

'Adroitness' is perhaps scarcely the word to apply to one little incident, which, if not vouched for by Nivernais himself, one would feel inclined to attribute to the fertile brain of that eccentric 'tête de dragon,' his secretary. Once—d'Éon tells M. Tercier—when there was a momentary hitch in the negotiations for the preliminaries, the Earl of Egremont's representative, Mr. Robert Wood, called at the French Embassy. He was so lamentably indiscreet as to disclose the fact that a case or dispatch-box he carried with him contained the ultimatum which was going to the Duke of Bedford at Paris. Nivernais glanced significantly at the precious receptacle of State secrets, and d'Éon took the hint. Wood was forthwith invited to taste some excellent vin de Tonnerre, which had already been found especially seductive to insular palates. While he was discussing the treaty (and the bottle) with the Duke, d'Éon quietly withdrew the papers, transcribed them, and sent off copies post haste to Paris,

where they arrived exactly twenty-four hours before the originals, usefully forewarning the French Ministry of the propositions made almost immediately afterwards by the unsuspecting Bedford. For the moment 'le petit d'Éon' was the hero of Versailles, and the delighted Choiseul declared him to be 'un sujet unique, et susceptible de toutes les grâces du Roi.' To be susceptible of all His Most Christian Majesty's favours was not, however, of necessity a lucrative condition.

Although the peace was proclaimed in March with all the honours, it was not until the end of May that Nivernais left England. Despite his desire to return, he was delayed by various things —the appointment of his successor Guerchy, the release of the French prisoners of war (of whom there were some 26,000), and so forth. When at last he started for Paris, he carried with him King George's portrait richly set with diamonds, and—from a passage in one of his later letters to d'Éon—it seems that, in addition, he was presented with full-lengths by Allan Ramsay of the King and Queen, a compliment never before accorded to an ambassador. To Ramsay also we owe the most successful likeness of Nivernais himself, and it was excellently reproduced in mezzotint by

McArdell.[1] While it fully bears out the Duke's reputation for gentleness and amenity, it also exhibits unmistakable signs of ill-health. He looks preternaturally frail and large-eyed, and is as hollow-cheeked as another ambassador, Prior. His notoriously delicate and attenuated physique (the caricaturists called him the 'Duke of Barebones') was, indeed, a subject of constant remark, both from friends and enemies. When he first arrived, Charles Townshend declared that the French had sent over the preliminaries of an ambassador to conclude the preliminaries of a peace; and Walpole—whose initial attitude to strangers was always hostile, and who has left a grossly unfair portrait of the Duke in the 'Memoirs of the Reign of George III.'—gleefully relates the story of a boy-waiter at the St. James's Coffee-house who was heard to say that he did not wonder we beat the French, since he himself could thrash the Duc de Nivernais. Another and more doubtful story which once more went the rounds, attributed to Frederick the Great the statement, that if his eyes were but a little older, he should be obliged to take a magnifying glass to see the French Ambassador. These exaggera-

[1] This should be rare, as the plate was destroyed by the Duke after a certain number of copies had been struck off.

tions are made intelligible by less malicious witnesses. 'He is a little emaciated figure,' said young Mr. Edward Gibbon, who, having previously sent the Duke his 'Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature,' visited him with Dr. Maty at Albemarle Street in January, 1763. 'But [he] appears to possess a good understanding, taste, and knowledge. He offered me very politely letters for Paris,' for which capital the future author of the 'Decline and Fall' was then setting out. The introductions were addressed to D'Alembert, St. Palaye, the novelist Duclos, and other writers, and they did not entirely satisfy Mr. Gibbon. 'The Duke treated me,' he complains, 'more as a man of letters than as a man of fashion'—a sentiment which reminds one of Congreve and Voltaire. It should be added that Dr. Matthew Maty, the medical attendant of the always-ailing Embassy (the entire staff at one time seems to have been invalided), was himself 'a polite writer' of some eminence, as well as an under-librarian at the British Museum. He wept profusely when Nivernais at last took his departure.[1]

[1] 'Le bon docteur,' 'le bon Matty'—as the Duke calls him—had probably been previously known to the Nivernais family, for some French verses on the death of the Count de Gisors, which are said to be his, are re-

In one of his private letters the Duke enumerates some of his chief friends in London. They were Pitt's clever sister Anne (who, besides being opposed to her brother's politics, was also an old Paris acquaintance), Lady Bolingbroke, Lady Hervey, Miss Pelham, Lady Susan Stewart and her future husband, Lord Gower,[1] the Butes, the Bedfords, the Count de Viry (Sardinian ambassador and father-in-law to Gray's Miss Speed of the 'Long Story'), Lord March of the 'Virginians,' and the Russian minister, Count Woronzoff. According to d'Éon, Nivernais also pretended to be the devoted admirer of the beautiful Duchess of Grafton, later the Lady Ossory of Walpole's letters; but this was either due to the fact that her husband was a leader of the Opposition, or was part of that 'coquetterie d'esprit qui voulait plaire à tout le monde' with which his secre-

printed from the 'Utrecht Gazette' in the 'Gentleman's' for September, 1758. There is a head of Maty, modelled by Tassie, in the Franks Collection in the British Museum (Glass and Ceramic Gallery).

[1] Their union took place in 1768, upon which occasion the unabashed Miss Chudleigh, who had been long privately married to Lady Hervey's second son, is reported to have said to Miss Pitt, 'Since Lady Susan Stewart has got a husband, I don't think any of Us *old Maids* need despair' (Lady Mary Coke's 'Journal,' ii. 312).

tary, who afterwards quarrelled with his former master, ironically reproached him. It is strange that the name of Walpole is absent from the above list, since it is from Walpole that we get some of the best information respecting the Duke's doings. But, however Horace may have been impressed in days to come by the elegant translator of his own facile 'Essay on Modern Gardening,' he certainly does not seem to have taken greatly to him at first; and with all his 'coquetterie d'esprit,' Nivernais was singularly unfortunate in his first advances to the Abbot of Strawberry. Walpole sent him a collection of the Strawberry Press issues, and received in return a set of prints of 'The Four Seasons,' which, he says disdainfully, had 'not even the merit of being badly old enough' for his Twickenham Museum. Then the Duke visited Strawberry on his way from Hampton Court; but, comments Horace—'with the least little touch of spleen'—'I cannot say he flattered me much, or was much struck,' to which culpable insensibility Nivernais added the unpardonable error of mistaking the Gothic Cabinet for a chapel and reverently removing his hat. He was, nevertheless, invited to the elaborate *fête* which Horace gave in May to Madame de Boufflers and some other French visitors; though he was not able to

come. On the other hand, he took part in a rival entertainment given by Miss Pelham at Esher Place, where he appears in the most amiable light, rhyming, playing the fiddle, and dancing like the 'political sylph' that he was. Walpole—who certainly does this kind of thing unsurpassably—describes the scene to Montagu. 'The day,' he says, 'was delightful, the scene transporting; the trees, lawns, concaves, all in the perfection in which the ghost of Kent [the architect] would joy to see them. At twelve, we made the tour of the farm in eight chaises and calashes, horsemen, and footmen, setting out like a picture of Wouverman's. My lot fell in the lap of Mrs. Anne Pitt, which I could have excused, as she was not at all in the style of the day, romantic, but political. We had a magnificent dinner, cloaked in the modesty of earthenware; French horns and hautboys on the lawn. We walked to the Belvidere on the summit of the hill,[1] where a theatrical

[1] 'An elegant summer-house, situate on the most elevated spot in the park, commands a variety of rich and pleasant prospects. Among the nearer views are Richmond Hill, Hampton Court, Harrow on the Hill, Windsor Castle, the windings of the Thames, &c. and, on the other side, are Claremont, and other fine seats' ('Ambulator,' 1800, p. 82). There is a large print, both drawn and

storm only served to heighten the beauty of the landscape, a rainbow on a dark cloud falling precisely behind the tower of a neighbouring church, between another tower and the building at Claremont. Monsieur de Nivernois, who had been absorbed all day, and lagging behind, translating my verses, was delivered of his version, and of some more lines which he wrote on Miss Pelham in the Belvidere, while we drank tea and coffee. From thence we passed into the wood, and the ladies formed a circle on chairs before the mouth of the cave, which was overhung to a vast height with woodbines, lilacs, and laburnums, and dignified by the tall shapely cypresses. On the descent of the hill were placed the French horns; the abigails, servants, and neighbours wandering below by the river; in short, it was Parnassus, as Watteau would have painted it. Here we had a rural syllabub, and part of the company returned to town; but were replaced by Giardini and Onofrio, who, with Nivernois on the violin, and Lord Pembroke on the base, accompanied Miss Pelham, Lady Rockingham, and the Duchess of

engraved by Luke Sullivan, which gives an excellent idea of Old Esher Place, and exhibits the Belvidere at the back. It is dated March 1, 1759; and its foreground is occupied by just such another pleasure-party as that described in the text.

Grafton, who sang. This little concert lasted till past ten, then there were minuets, and as we had seven couple left, it concluded with a country dance. I blush again, for I danced, but was kept in countenance by Nivernois, who has one wrinkle more than I have. A quarter after twelve they sat down to supper, and I came home by a charming moonlight.'

At the end of this letter Horace transcribes the Duke's verses, and as at the beginning he had already transcribed his own, we are able to compare the original with the copy. Here is what the 'British diction' of the Strawberry Press said to Madame la Comtesse de Boufflers:

> 'The graceful fair, who loves to know,
> Nor dreads the north's inclement snow;
> Who bids her polish'd accent wear
> The British diction's harsher air,
> Shall read her praise in every clime
> Where types can speak or poets rhyme.'

And here is the 'polish'd accent' of Nivernais:

> 'Boufflers, qu'embellissent les grâces,
> Et qui plairait sans le vouloir,
> Elle à qui l'amour du sçavoir
> Fit braver le Nord et les glaces;
> Boufflers se plaît en nos vergers,
> Et veut à nos sons étrangers
> Plier sa voix enchanteresse.

> Répétons son nom mille fois,
> Sur tout les cœurs Boufflers aura des droits,
> Partout où la rime et la Presse
> A l'amour prêteront leur voix.'

Perhaps the fittest comment upon these competing masterpieces would be that discreet verdict of Corneille in 'Voiture *versus* Benserade':

> 'L'un est sans doute mieux resvé,
> Mieux conduit, & mieux achevé,
> Mais je voudrois avoir fait l'autre.'

A few minor—and very minor—incidents of the Duke's residence in England may be culled from the 'scatter'd sapience' of the 'London Chronicle.' In October, not long after his arrival, he was mobbed in the Royal Exchange (a circumstance which was made much of by the French papers), and he had to take temporary refuge in the shop of the King's watchmaker, Mr. Ellicot, where he handsomely 'bespoke the best watch that could be made.' In December he was present when the King's Scholars of Westminster School played the 'Eunuchus' of Terence at the Dormitory before some of the Royal Family; and in January he was elected an F.R.S. Later still, he went to Oxford to receive the degree of D.C.L., and he subse-

quently visited Chatham Dockyard, the Hospital, Chapel, and Observatory at Greenwich, and the 'warren [*i.e.* the Arsenal] at Woolwich.' In some verses addressed to Colonel Drumgold by Lord Lyttelton, which are printed in the 'London Chronicle' for April, 1763, stress is laid upon the Duke's

'Learning and Wit, with sweet Politeness graced,'

and his

'Wisdom by Guile or Cunning undebased.'

That the impression he left behind him was entirely favourable to his traditional charm of manner there can be little doubt; and Lord Chesterfield, although speaking expressly for the paternal ear of the old Duke de Nevers, did not, in all probability, greatly strain the language of compliment when he told Madame de Monconseil that Nivernais 'was loved, respected and admired by every honest man in Court and Town.' This is the more to his credit because he liked neither the climate nor the people. 'He accommodates himself to our ways as if they were natural to him' (Chesterfield says elsewhere), 'and yet heaven knows they are very different from his own. He pleases everyone, but at

bottom he must amuse himself, as Froissart says, "moult tristement à la mode de notre pays".'[1]

With his departure from Dover on the 22nd May, the Duke's figure fades beyond the limits of this paper, and his further fortunes must be studied in Lucien Perey's second volume, 'La Fin du XVIII^e Siècle.' He continued to dally with the affairs of his duchy, and to live the *salon* life of a *grand seigneur*. He organized little *fêtes* and *proverbes*, wrote songs and album verses, produced fluent fables which he read to the Academy (where he often presided)—in short, completely justified his reputation as 'le plus aimable maître des cérémonies de la société française.' When at last came the crash of the Revolution, he was denounced by the terrible Chaumette, and shut up in the prison of Les Carmes. There, an old man of seventy-nine, he set himself down philosophically to translate, at so many lines per day, the interminable 'Ricciardetto' of Cardinal Nicholas Fortiguerra.[2]

[1] Two years earlier, according to the newly printed Newcastle correspondence, he had spoken of Nivernais as 'an old acquaintance of mine, and the most respectable man in France' (Ernst's 'Chesterfield,' 1893, p. 518).

[2] 'Ricciardetto' had previously been translated into French by the brother of General Dumouriez. An Italian edition

Upon his release, he found he had lost everything but his serenity of temper. As the *citoyen* Mancini, he turned undismayed to literature; wrote a biography of the Abbé Barthélemy, the author of 'Anacharsis'; and issued, in eight volumes, his own collected works, none of which has had the good fortune to become classic, although a selection of the fables, translated into English, was printed in this country by the younger Cadell. That 'long disease,' his life, was protracted until February, 1798, but neither age nor misfortune could diminish his amiability and his 'coquetry to please.' Only a few days

in three volumes with frontispieces by Cateni, and engraved titles by Moreau, was published at London and Paris in 1767. 'Those who have counted them' (says M. Sainte-Beuve), declare that there are thirty thousand lines in this once famous burlesque of Ariosto. Nivernais—it may be added here—besides being a bookmaker, was also a book-collector; and the present writer is fortunate enough to possess a specimen from his library. It is a copy of Johannes Veenhusius his edition of Pliny's Letters (Lugd. Batav. 1669, 8vo), whole bound in old red morocco with 'Le . Duc . De . Nivernois.' on the side, and his armorial shield at the back. The volume must have been a favourite with Nivernais, for one of his cleverest pieces is a *Dialogue des Morts* between Pliny and Madame de Sévigné, in which the interlocutors say remarkably plain things to one another concerning the art of letter-writing.

before the end, he addressed one of his most charming letters to his lawyer, who was ill; and almost his last act was to dictate from his death-bed some graceful and kindly verses to M. Caille, the faithful doctor who attended him. There had been question of a consultation; but the Duke thought it needless.

'Ne consultons point d'avocats;
Hippocrate ne viendrait pas.
Je n'en veux point d'autre en ma cure;
J'ai l'amitié, j'ai la nature,
Qui font bonne guerre au trépas;
Mais peut-être dame Nature
A déja décidé mon cas?
Alors et sans changer d'allure,
Je veux mourir entre vos bras.'

Having then slept quietly for six hours, he woke at last to find himself surrounded by sympathetic faces. In the effort to greet them, he passed away, a smile of recognition still upon his lips.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF 'HUMPHRY CLINKER.'

NO one will contend,' says Henry Fielding in the Preface to one of his sister's books, 'that the epistolary Style is in general the most proper to a Novelist, or that [and here he was plainly thinking of a certain work called "Pamela"] it hath been used by the best Writers of this Kind.' The former part of the proposition is undeniable; but however true the latter may have been when Fielding wrote in 1747, it is scarcely as true now. Even if we omit for the moment all consideration of modern examples, 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison'—both of them novels told by letters, and in one of which Richardson emphatically vindicated his claim to rank among the 'best Writers'—followed 'Pamela' before Fielding's death. Half-a-dozen years after that event, another and a greater than Richardson adopted the same medium for a masterpiece; and the sub-title of Rousseau's 'Nouvelle Héloïse' is, 'Lettres de deux Amants, habitants d'une petite ville au pied des Alpes.'

Still later—in 1771—the 'epistolary Style' was chosen, for his final fiction, by one of Fielding's own countrymen; and in the success of the enterprise, the fact that it was achieved in what Mrs. Barbauld correctly defines as 'the most natural and the least probable way of telling a story,' has fallen out of sight. To think of 'Grandison' or 'Clarissa' is to remember that the prolixity of those prolix performances is increased by the form; but in Smollett's 'Expedition of Humphry Clinker' the form is scarcely felt as an objection, assuredly not as an obstruction. It is true, also, that between Smollett's last and best book and the books of the authors mentioned there are some other not unimportant differences. One of these lies in the circumstance that his communications are never replied to—a detail which, however irritating in a practical correspondence, obviates in a novel much of the wearisome repetition usually charged against epistolary narrative; another difference is, that there is no serious approach to anything like a connected story in the detached recollections of travel recorded by the characters n 'Humphry Clinker.' Entertaining in themselves, those characters in their progress encounter other characters who are equally entertaining, and an apology for

a conclusion is obtained by the conventional cluster of marriages at the end; but as far as the intrigue itself is concerned, the book would have been just as amusing if Tabitha Bramble had never become Mrs. Lismahago, or if Winifred Jenkins, in her 'plain pea-green tabby sack, Runnela cap, ruff toupee and side curls,' had declined to bestow herself upon the fortunate foundling who gives his name to the volumes, although—to quote a contemporary critic—he 'makes almost as inconsiderable a figure in the work as the dog does in the history of Tobit.'

But it is not our present intention to hunt old trails with a new 'appreciation' of the misnamed 'Expedition of Humphry Clinker.' Matthew Bramble and Obadiah Lismahago, the 'squire's sister and her Methodist maid, have passed permanently into literature, and their places are as secure as those of Partridge and Parson Adams, of Corporal Trim and 'my Uncle Toby.' Not even the Malapropoism of Sheridan or Dickens is quite as riotously diverting, as rich in its unexpected turns, as that of Tabitha Bramble and Winifred Jenkins, especially Winifred, who remains delightful even when deduction is made of the poor and very mechanical fun extracted from the parody of her pietistic phraseology. That it could ever have

been considered witty to spell 'grace' 'grease,' and 'Bible' 'byebill,' can only be explained by the indiscriminate hostility of the earlier assailants of Enthusiasm. Upon this, as well as upon a particularly evil-smelling taint of coarseness which, to the honour of the author's contemporaries, was fully recognized in his own day as offensive, it is needless now to dwell. But there is an aspect of 'Humphry Clinker' which has been somewhat neglected—namely, its topographical side; and from the fact that Smollett, in the initial pages, describes it as 'Letters upon Travels,' it is clear that he himself admitted this characteristic of his work. When he wrote it at Leghorn in 1770, he was using his gamut of personages mainly to revive, from different points of view, the impressions he had received in his last visits to Bath, to London, and to certain towns in his native North. We are told by Chambers that his pictures of life at these places were all accepted by his relatives as personal records; and though some of the first reviews condemned him for wasting time on descriptions of what every one then knew by heart, we are not likely to insist upon that criticism now, when nearly a century and a quarter of change has lent to those descriptions all the charm—the fatal charm—of the remote and the half-forgotten.

For this reason we propose to run rapidly through 'Humphry Clinker,' selecting for reproduction chiefly such passages as deal with actual localities. The reader will only require to be reminded that the persons of the drama are the Welsh 'squire, Matthew Bramble (a *bourru bienfaisant* who has many characteristics of the author himself); Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, his sister (an old maid); his niece and nephew, Lydia and Jerry Melford; and the two servants, Humphry Clinker and Winifred Jenkins.

When we first make acquaintance with the little party they have arrived from Gloucester at Clifton, whence they repair to the Hot Well at Bristol. Their different ways of regarding things are already accentuated. Mr. Bramble pooh-poohs the 'nymph of Bristol spring' as purveying nothing but 'a little salt, and calcareous earth,' while on the boasted Clifton Downs he discovers only the demon of vapours and perpetual drizzle. To his niece Liddy, on the contrary, everything looks rose-coloured. The Downs, with the furze in full blossom (it was late April), are delightful; the waters are most agreeable ('so pure, so mild, so charmingly mawkish!'); and the ships and boats going up and down the Avon under the windows of the Pump-room make 'an

enchanting variety of moving pictures.' But the spring season is beginning at Bath; and they migrate to that place, taking a first floor in the South Parade, so as to be near the waters and out of the rumble of the carriages. The lodgings, however, are themselves noisy, besides being too close to the noisy bells of the Abbey Church, which ring for all new comers (who pay the fee of half-a-guinea). Mr. Bramble has no sooner settled down comfortably than they begin to peal in honour 'of Mr. Bullock, an eminent cow-keeper of Tottenham, who had just arrived at Bath, to drink the waters for indigestion.' These, with other annoyances, lead them to quit the Parade precipitately for Milsom Street ('Milsham-street,' Mr. Bramble calls it), which then had not long been built. Here at five guineas a week they get a small house. For Miss Melford, Bath is even more fascinating than Bristol. The bells, the waits, the cotillons, the balls and concerts in the Pump-room, are all equally entrancing to the fresh schoolgirl nature but recently emancipated from Mrs. Jermyn's finishing Academy at Gloucester. They are no sooner settled in their lodgings than the party is visited by the Master of the Ceremonies—'a pretty little gentleman, so sweet, so fine, so civil, and polite, that in our country

[Miss Melford's] he might pass for the prince of Wales.' 'He talks so charmingly, both in verse and prose, that you would be delighted to hear him discourse; for you must know he is a great writer, and has got five tragedies ready for the stage.' This personage, whose name is afterwards given, was Beau Nash's successor, Samuel Derrick, only one of whose dramatic efforts—a translation from the French of Frederick of Prussia—appears, by the 'Biographia Dramatica,' to have attained the honours of print Derrick, as might be expected, does himself the pleasure of dining with Mr. Bramble, and next day escorts the ladies round the Circus, the Square [Queen's Square], the Parades, and the 'new buildings,' the last, no doubt, including the Royal Crescent of the younger Wood, then in course of construction.[1]

In the letter which gives these particulars Miss Liddy proceeds to describe a Bath day as it

[1] Derrick was dead when 'Humphry Clinker' was written, having departed this life in March, 1769. According to Boswell, Johnson had a kindness for the little man, which did not extend to commendation of his very moderate literary abilities. In fact, it was concerning Derrick and another that the Doctor uttered his forcible, if somewhat unsavoury, *obiter dictum* as to the futility of discussing questions of precedence between infinitesimal insects.

appeared to the Young Person of the period. 'At eight in the morning,' says she, 'we go in dishabille to the Pump-room; which is crowded like a Welsh fair; and there you see the highest quality, and the lowest trades folks, jostling each other, without ceremony, hail-fellow well-met! . . . Right under the Pump-room windows is the King's Bath; a huge cistern, where you see the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen [flannel?], with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces; but, truly, whether it is owing to the steam that surrounds them, or the heat of the water, or the nature of the dress, or to all these causes together, they look so flushed, and so frightful, that I always turn my eyes another way.'[1] [It must be conceded that Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, notwithstanding the extenuating attractions of a special

[1] Here is the same scene under the broader handling of Smollett's forerunner, Anstey of the 'New Bath Guide'—

> 'Twas a glorious Sight to behold the Fair Sex
> All wading with Gentlemen up to their Necks,
> And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl
> In a great smoaking Kettle as big as our Hall:
> And To-Day many Persons of Rank and Condition
> Were boil'd by Command of an able Physician.'

cap with cherry-coloured ribbons, would certainly have looked peculiar.] . . . 'For my part,' continues Miss Liddy, 'I content myself with drinking about half-a-pint of the water every morning.'

After the Pump-room comes the ladies' coffee-house, from the politics, scandal, and philosophy of which Miss Melford is prudently excluded by her watchful aunt; then the booksellers' shops, with their circulating library (Sir Anthony Absolute's 'evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge'); after these, the milliners and toymen, where are purchased the famous Bath rings of hair, as essentially Bath commodities as Bath buns, Bath brick, Bath chaps, or Bath coating; and lastly, the noted pastrycook, Mr. Gill, to whom Anstey devotes an entire lyric:

> 'These are your true poetic Fires
> That drest this sav'ry Grill,
> E'en while I eat the Muse inspires,
> And tunes my Voice to GILL.'

Across the water, opposite the Grove, there is the Spring Garden, with its Long Room for breakfasting and dancing, and there is, moreover, the newly-licensed Theatre. But the chief attraction is the assembly-rooms for tea and cards and promenades, where twice a week the gentlemen

give a ball, the jumbled respectabilities of which, and of other Bath public gatherings, afford infinite amusement to Miss Melford's brother. 'I was extremely diverted,' he says, 'last ball-night to see the Master of the Ceremonies leading, with great solemnity, to the upper end of the room, an antiquated Abigail, dressed in her lady's cast-clothes, whom he (I suppose) mistook for some countess just arrived at the Bath. The ball was opened by a Scotch lord, with a mulatto heiress from St. Christopher's; and the gay Colonel Tinsel danced all the evening with the daughter of an eminent tinman from the borough of Southwark.' 'Yesterday morning, at the Pump-room,' he goes on, 'I saw a broken-winded Wapping landlady squeeze through a circle of peers, to salute her brandy-merchant, who stood by the window, propp'd upon crutches; and a paralytic attorney of Shoe-lane, in shuffling up to the bar, kicked the shins of the chancellor of England, while his lordship, in a cut bob, drank a glass of water at the pump.'

Surveying these things with the distorted vision of an invalid, that *laudator temporis acti*, Mr. Bramble, finds matter to raise his spleen rather than his mirth. The Bath he had known thirty years before was wholly different from this 'centre

of racket and dissipation.' He has the gravest doubts of the curative properties of the waters, either for washing or drinking. He blasphemes the 'boasted improvements in architecture'; ridicules the poor approaches of the Circus; condemns the Crescent by anticipation; scoffs at the hackney chairs which stand soaking in the open street to the detriment of invalids, and, in fine, delivers himself of a general jeremiad over the hotchpot of buildings and the nondescript mob that crowds them.[1] Only one person is exempted from his dissatisfaction, and that is the well-known *bon-vivant* and Bath frequenter James Quin, who turns out to be an old friend. Mr. Bramble and the retired actor thoroughly agree in their criticism of life, which, according to Quin, would 'stink in his nostrils, if he did not steep it in claret.' As he is represented leaving his club at 'The Three Tuns,' a famous old coaching-house in Stall Street, with 'six good bottles under his belt,' it may be assumed that he religiously ob-

[1] Walpole, who was at Bath in October, 1766, is no easier to please. 'Their new buildings [he says] that are so admired, look like a collection of little hospitals; the rest is detestable; and all crammed together, and surrounded with perpendicular hills that have no beauty.' He lodged in the once fashionable Chapel Court.

serves this precaution against misanthropy.[1] In the pages of Smollett, Quin, whom he probably knew, is pictured more amiably than elsewhere, being, indeed, described as 'one of the best bred men in the kingdom.' When he dines with Mr. Bramble he is regaled with his (and Fielding's) favourite John Dory, which, however, to his inconsolable chagrin, is cruelly mangled, and 'even presented without sauce.' It is better to be the guest of an epicure than to invite him to dinner.

From Bath, on May 20, Mr. Bramble starts in a hired coach-and-four for London; and it may be noted that the orthodox costume of a smart postillion was 'a narrow-brimmed hat, with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather breeches, and a clean linen shirt,

[1] Once Lord Chesterfield, seeing two chairmen hoisting a heavy gentleman into a sedan-chair, asked his servant who it was. 'Only Mr. Quin, my Lord, going home, as usual, from "The Three Tuns."' Whereupon his lordship remarked drily that Mr. Quin appeared to be taking one of the tuns with him under his waistcoat. Quin died at Bath in January, 1766. He is buried in the Abbey, and Garrick wrote his epitaph. His lodgings are supposed to have been in Pierrepont Street, as he left a legacy to the landlady of a house there. He also left fifty pounds to 'Mr. Thomas Gainsborough, Limner, now [1765] living at Bath,'—Gainsborough having painted his portrait.

puffed above the waist band.' On the edge of Marlborough Downs the coach is upset; but by the 24th they are safely housed in Mrs. Norton's lodgings at Golden Square. The first thing that strikes Mr. Bramble is the enormous extension of London. 'What I left open fields,' he says, 'producing hay and corn, I now find covered with streets, and squares, and palaces, and churches. I am credibly informed, that in the space of seven years, eleven thousand new houses have been built in one quarter of Westminster, exclusive of what is daily added to other parts of this unwieldy metropolis. Pimlico and Knightsbridge are almost joined to Chelsea and Kensington; and if this infatuation continues for half a century, I suppose the whole county of Middlesex will be covered with brick.' He is pleased, however, with the new streets (they were then building Portman Square), and he is almost warm in his praises of the bridge at Blackfriars, which had recently been opened as a bridleway. But he soon lapses into a digression on the subject so dear to Goldsmith, Johnson, and others of his contemporaries—the alleged depopulation of the villages, and the abnormal growth of the capital, which swells it, 'like a dropsical head,' at the expense of the body and extremities.

'There are many causes,' he says in a graphic paragraph, 'that contribute to the daily increase of this enormous mass; but they may be all resolved into the grand source of luxury and corruption. About five-and-twenty years ago, very few, even of the most opulent citizens of London, kept any equipage, or even any servants in livery. Their tables produced nothing but plain boiled and roasted, with a bottle of port and a tankard of beer. At present, every trader in any degree of credit, every broker and attorney, maintains a couple of footmen, a coachman, and postilion. He has his town-house, and his country-house, his coach, and his postchaise. His wife and daughters appear in the richest stuffs, bespangled with diamonds. They frequent the court, the opera, the theatre, and the masquerade. They hold assemblies at their own houses: they make sumptuous entertainments, and treat with the richest wines of Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne. The substantial tradesman, who was wont to pass his evenings at the alehouse for fourpence half-penny, now spends three shillings at the tavern, while his wife keeps card-tables at home; she must likewise have fine clothes, her chaise, or pad, with country lodgings, and go three times a-week to public diversions. Every

clerk, apprentice, and even waiter of tavern or coffee-house, maintains a gelding by himself, or in partnership, and assumes the air and apparel of a petit-maître. The gayest places of public entertainment are filled with fashionable figures; which, upon enquiry, will be found to be journeymen tailors, serving-men, and abigails, disguised like their betters.'

Making some allowance for the splenetic attitude of the writer, it would not be difficult, with a moderate expenditure of foot-note, to confirm this picture from contemporary playwrights and essayists. But it is less easy, in our days of steam and telegraphy, to realize another thing which strikes Mr. Bramble, and that is the headlong speed at which everything is done. 'The hackney-coachmen make their horses smoke, and the pavement shakes under them'; and he goes on to say that he has actually seen a waggon pass through Piccadilly at a hand-gallop. Qualities as intolerable to the peace-lover attach in his opinion to the amusements, where 'noise, confusion, glare, and glitter,' take the place of 'elegance and propriety.' Mr. Bramble's description of Ranelagh has often been quoted; but that of Vauxhall, which is coloured, or rather discoloured, by the fact that he was caught in a shower and had to

take refuge in the Rotunda, is less familiar: 'Vauxhall is a composition of baubles, overcharged with paltry ornaments, ill-conceived, and poorly executed; without any unity of design, or propriety of disposition. It is an unnatural assembly of objects, fantastically illuminated in broken masses, seemingly contrived to dazzle the eyes and divert the imagination of the vulgar. Here a wooden lion, there a stone statue; in one place, a range of things like coffee-house boxes, covered a-top; in another, a parcel of ale house benches; in a third, a puppet-show representation of a tin cascade [this, it is to be feared, must have been the famous Waterworks!]; in a fourth, a gloomy cave of a circular form, like a sepulchral vault half-lighted; in a fifth, a scanty slip of grass-plat, that would not afford pasture sufficient for an ass's colt. The walks, which nature seems to have intended for solitude, shade, and silence, are filled with crowds of noisy people, sucking up the nocturnal rheums of an aguish climate; and through these gay scenes, a few lamps glimmer like so many farthing candles.'

Although the atmosphere of the metropolis has materially altered for the worse, it is probable that, even in 1765, the last strictures as to its dangers at night-time, which are cynically developed in a

further paragraph, were not ill-founded. For the rest, the modern admirers of old Vauxhall must console themselves by reflecting that the writer was none other than that 'learned Smelfungus' who had reviled the Venus de' Medici, and who declared the Pantheon (of Rome, not of London) to be nothing better than a 'huge cockpit.' Upon the present occasion Mr. Bramble confines his comments to the two great gardens. But from a letter of his niece, some of the party must also have visited the Assembly Rooms in Soho Square (Carlisle House) of the celebrated Mrs. Teresa Cornelys, who having not yet started the masquerades which inaugurated her ultimate collapse in the Fleet Prison, was still at the height of her popularity with persons of quality. Of other shows and amusements there are hints in the despatches of the remaining travellers. Mrs. Jenkins is escorted by Mr. Clinker to the rope-dancing at Sadler's Wells, where there is such 'firing of pistols in the air, and blowing of trumpets, and swinging, and rolling of wheelbarrows upon a wire, no thicker than a sewing-thread,' that she is like to have been frightened into a fit. Then she goes with her mistress to see the wild beasts in the Tower, where the lion conducts himself in a manner which is highly derogatory to the un-

blemished reputation of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble. Finally (in Win's own words and spelling), they see 'the Park, and the paleass of Saint Gimses, and the king's and the queen's magisterial pursing, and the sweet young princes, and the hillyfents, and pye-bald ass, and all the rest of the royal family.' The piebald ass, it should be explained, was a beautiful female zebra which had been presented to Queen Charlotte, and usually grazed in a paddock in St. James's Park, close to old Buckingham House. It was an object of much public curiosity, as well as the pretext for some exceedingly scurrilous lampoons.[1]

From one of Mr. Bramble's later letters he must have inspected the British Museum. At this date it was little more than an aggregation in Montague House of the Sloane, Cottonian, and Harleian collections, accessible only to small parties under vexatious restrictions, and limited, in respect of its library, to some forty thousand volumes.

[1] There is a picture of the zebra in the 'London Magazine,' for July, 1762; and Lady Mary Coke in January, 1767, speaks of going 'with a great party to see the Queen's Elephants.' Mention is also made of these royal favourites in the 'Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, Knight,' 1773:

> 'In some fair island will we turn to grass
> (With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass.'

These—about a fortieth part of the present number—were apparently uncatalogued, for Mr. Bramble makes sundry sagacious remarks upon this subject which lead one to think that even he would have been satisfied with the present excellent arrangements for inquirers. Of other institutions he says nothing. His horror of crowds prevented him from visiting the theatre in the Haymarket, or we might have had his opinion of that popular mime, Mr. Samuel Foote. Towards the beginning of June we find him negotiating 'for a good travelling-coach and four, at a guinea a-day, for three months certain,' to start on the northward journey. The party leave Golden Square on the 15th, and on the 23rd, after much jolting on the bad roads between Newark and Wetherby, they reach Harrogate. Here is Jerry Melford's description of that fashionable watering-place as it appeared in 1766:

'Harrigate-water, so celebrated for its efficacy in the scurvy and other distempers, is supplied from a copious spring, in the hollow of a wild common, round which a good many houses have been built for the convenience of the drinkers, though few of them are inhabited. Most of the company lodge at some distance, in five separate inns, situated in different parts of the common,

from whence they go every morning to the well, in their own carriages. The lodgers of each inn form a distinct society, that eat together; and there is a commodious public room, where they breakfast in dishabille, at separate tables, from eight o'clock till eleven, as they chance or choose to come in. Here also they drink tea in the afternoon, and play at cards or dance in the evening. One custom, however, prevails, which I look upon as a solecism in politeness. The ladies treat with tea in their turns; and even girls of sixteen are not exempted from this shameful imposition. There is a public ball by subscription every night at one of the houses, to which all the company from the others are admitted by tickets; and, indeed, Harrigate treads upon the heels of Bath, in the articles of gaiety and dissipation—with this difference, however, that here we are more sociable and familiar. One of the inns is already full up to the very garrets, having no less than fifty lodgers, and as many servants. Our family does not exceed thirty-six, and I should be sorry to see the number augmented, as our accommodations won't admit of much increase.'

Mr. Bramble's verdict does not differ greatly from this; although he highly disapproves the

Harrogate water, which some people say 'smells of rotten eggs,' and others liken to 'the scourings of a foul gun.' He himself defines it as bilge-water, pure and simple. After an attempt to apply it externally in the form of a hot bath, he becomes so ill that he is obliged to start, *viâ* York, to Scarborough, in order to brace his exhausted fibres by sea-bathing. York Minster gives him opportunity for a discourse upon the comfortless and ill-ventilated condition of places of worship in general; and he leaves Scarborough (the then new-fashioned bathing-machines of which are described with some minuteness by Jerry Melford) in consequence of an unfortunate mistake made by Humphry, who, seeing his master 'dipping,' imagines him to be drowning, and thereupon rescues him with more vigour than dexterity. The travellers then proceed by Whitby and Stockton to Durham, where they first meet the redoubtable Lieutenant Lismahago. Mr. Bramble's account of the city of Durham as 'a confused heap of stones and brick, accumulated so as to cover a mountain, round which a river winds its brawling course,' is, like his astounding comparison of York Minster and its spire to a criminal impaled, entirely in the 'Smelfungus' manner. From Durham, through Newcastle, Morpeth, and

Alnwick, they go northward to Berwick. Beyond the fact that at Newcastle Mrs. Tabitha and her maid, with Humphry, attend Wesley's meeting (doubtless at the famous Orphan House he had founded in 1742), and that poor Win is subsequently decoyed by Jerry's valet into accompanying him to the play, in rouge, 'with her hair dressed in the Parish fashion'—an exhibition which leads to her being mobbed by the colliers as a 'painted Issabel'—nothing of interest is recorded. But Mr. Bramble's heart shows signs of softening as he nears Smollett's native land; and already he notices with complacency that the Scotch side of the Tweed is far more populous and far better cultivated than the English border.

Passing forward by Dunbar and Haddington they arrive at Musselburgh, where, in a house which was still standing in the days of Paterson's history of the place, Smollett (or rather Mr. Bramble) drinks tea with an old friend, Commissioner Cardonnel. Then, along the smooth sand of the shore, they get to Edinburgh, where, after brief experience of a miserable inn, they find lodgings 'with a widow gentlewoman, of the name of Lockhart,' up four pair of stairs in the many-storied High Street. Mr. Bramble's impressions of the High Street and the Canongate,

at this time disfigured by the straggling Luckenbooths which were removed in 1817, are not especially notable; but from his account of the water-supply of eighteenth-century Edinburgh, and of its sanitary arrangements in general, it would appear that its nickname of 'Auld Reekie' was not undeserved:

'The water is brought in leaden pipes from a mountain in the neighbourhood, to a cistern on the Castle-hill, from whence it is distributed to public conduits in different parts of the city. From these it is carried in barrels, on the backs of male and female porters, up two, three, four, five six, seven, and eight pair of stairs, for the use of particular families. Every story is a complete house, occupied by a separate family; and the stair being common to them all, is generally left in a very filthy condition. . . . Nothing can form a stronger contrast, than the difference betwixt the outside and inside of the door; for the good-women of this metropolis are remarkably nice in the ornaments and propriety of their apartments, as if they were resolved to transfer the imputation from the individual to the public. You are no stranger to their method of discharging all their impurities from their windows, at a certain hour of the night, as the custom is in Spain, Portugal,

and some parts of France and Italy, a practice to which I can by no means be reconciled; for notwithstanding all the care that is taken by their scavengers to remove this nuisance every morning by break of day, enough still remains to offend the eyes, as well as other organs of those whom use has not hardened against all delicacy of sensation.'

The valetudinarian who had fainted in the bad air of the Bath Pump-room may perhaps be regarded as abnormally sensitive, although his report is very circumstantially confirmed by Winifred Jenkins. But even two years after 'Humphry Clinker' had been published, this evil remained unmitigated, for Mr. James Boswell, piloting Dr. Samuel Johnson up the High Street on a dusky night, confessed himself unable to prevent his illustrious friend from being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh. 'Sir, I smell you in the dark'—grumbled the Great Man in his companion's ear; and his companion admits ruefully that 'a zealous Scotchman would have wished Mr. Johnson to be without one of his five senses upon this occasion.' Nevertheless, the Doctor (while holding his nose) commended the breadth of the thoroughfare and the imposing height of the houses.

In that 'hotbed of genius,' the Scottish capital, Mr. Bramble's party were so 'caressed and feasted' that, although their degenerate southern stomachs refused to retain or even receive such national dainties as 'haggis,' and 'singed sheep's head,' the record takes an unusually favourable note. They go to the amateur concerts in St. Cecilia's Hall in the Cowgate; they go to the Hunters' Ball at Holyrood, one of the belles of which was Smollett's connection, Miss Eleonora Renton; they attend the Leith races, where they find far better company than at Doncaster or Newmarket; and they inspect, on the Leith Links, the devotees of that game of golf, of which the fascination, like Hope, seems to spring eternal in the human breast. 'I was shown one particular set of golfers,' says Jerry Melford, 'the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed, without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly.' Mr. Melford also gives an account, too long to be quoted, of a very singular festival —to wit, a caddies', or cawdies' (errand porters'),

dinner and ball, which, as related, a little recalls the 'Jolly Beggars' of Burns, as well as that curious entertainment which Steele had given in the same city some forty years before.

From Edinburgh—part of their latter stay at which was diversified by a trip in a fishing-boat across the Firth to Fife, where they visit among other things that 'skeleton of a venerable city,' St. Andrews 'by the northern sea,' a considerable amount of which element they ship in making Leith Pier on their return—they depart in August for Loch Lomond, taking Stirling and Glasgow on the way. For Glasgow (which, no doubt, had wonderfully progressed since the days of the author's apprenticeship there in 1738), Mr. Bramble, whom the hospitalities of Edinburgh seem to have transformed into an optimist, expresses great admiration. Edinburgh had been well enough, but Glasgow is the 'pride of Scotland,' 'one of the most flourishing towns in Great Britain,' 'one of the prettiest towns in Europe,' and so forth. Thence they travel along the Clyde to Dumbarton, cross Leven Water, and so reach Mr. Commissioner Smollett's oak-bosomed house of Cameron at the south-western extremity of the loch. If Mr. Bramble has hitherto been laudatory, over the Arcadia of the North he

is enthusiastic—certainly more enthusiastic than either Johnson or Wordsworth in similar circumstances. But Wordsworth was mentally comparing Dumbartonshire with his beloved Westmoreland; and Johnson was not, like Smollett, writing of his natal neighbourhood.

'I have seen,' says the last-named, 'the Lago di Garda, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, and, upon my honour, I prefer Lough-Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties, which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, corn-field, and pasture, with several agreeable villas emerging as it were out of the lake, till, at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains covered with heath, which being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond imagination. . . . What say you to a natural basin of pure water, near thirty miles long, and in some places seven miles broad, and in many above a hundred fathom deep, having four and twenty habitable islands, some of them stocked with deer, and all of them covered

with wood; containing immense quantities of delicious fish, salmon, pike, trout, perch, flounders, eels, and powans, the last a delicate kind of fresh-water herring, peculiar to this lake; and finally communicating with the sea, by sending off the Leven, through which all those species (except the powan) make their exit and entrance occasionally?'

After this may come the less critical additions of Winifred Jenkins, who describes 'Loff-Loming' as a 'wonderful sea of fresh water, with a power of hylands in the midst on't. They say as how it has got ne'er a bottom, and was made by a musician; and, truly, I believe it; for it is not in the course of nature. It has got *waves without wind, fish without fins, and a floating hyland;* and one of them is a crutch-yard, where the dead are buried; and always before the person dies, a bell rings of itself to give warning.'

But it is time to abridge the account of Mr. Bramble's wanderings. Before his return southward he makes an excursion with his nephew into Western Argyllshire and the islands of Isla, Jura, Mull, and Icolmkill, 'tarrying at various castles of the West Highland sub-chieftains and gentry.' On the way south the party go out of

their road to Drumlanrig, the seat of the Duke of Queensberry, and are hospitably entreated by his Duchess, 'Prior's Kitty.' They visit Manchester, Chatsworth, the Peak, and Buxton; and so, by easy stages, return in the month of October to Wales and Brambleton House. The invention of the book never flags, but the latter pages are necessarily much occupied in clearing the ground for the marriages which bring it to a close.

Smollett scarcely takes rank as a poet, in spite of the 'Tears of Caledonia' or 'The storm that howls along the sky' in the 'Handbook of Quotations.' But towards the end of 'Humphry Clinker' he inserted one of the most pleasing specimens of his occasional efforts, the 'Ode to Leven Water,' on the very banks of which—'*in ipsis Leviniæ ripis*'—fifty-one years before, he had been born. At Renton, beside the Leven—now, alas! no longer famed for its 'transparent wave'—rises the stately Tuscan column which Smollett of Bonhill erected to the memory of his gifted but combative cousin, who, like Fielding, found a last resting-place under alien skies. The long Latin inscription on this monument—the joint production of George Stewart and Ramsay of Ochtertyre—had the honour of being revised

by Johnson, who, we are told, ridiculed the suggestion of Lord Kames that English was preferable. 'It would be a disgrace to Dr. Smollett,' he said, using much the same argument as he employed two years later with regard to the epitaph of Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey; and Boswell, the compliant, followed suit by adding that Smollett's admirers would probably be equal to Latin, and that the inscription was not intended to be understood by Highland drovers. A passage in the Memoir of Thomas Bewick, the engraver, supplies an odd foot-note to Boswell. Making his way in 1776 up the Leven from Dumbarton to Loch Lomond, Bewick paused to puzzle out the words on the pedestal, as Smollett was an author whom he 'almost adored.' But he must have gone on his way unenlightened had it not been for the opportune scholarship of a passing Highlander.

THE PRISONERS' CHAPLAIN.

ONE of the last of William Hogarth's works was a medley entitled 'Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism.' Among others, it assailed the Methodists, and was consequently welcomed by the contemporary opponents of Wesley and Whitefield as an entirely justifiable satire. But by the dispassionate critics of our day, as well as by the more judicious admirers of the artist, the picture is considered a mistake; and it has also been held that in rebuking graphically what he —no doubt with perfect sincerity—regarded as profane enthusiasm, Hogarth has himself come perilously close to irreverence. In one of his designs of earlier date, there is, however, an unsolicited and possibly unintended tribute to Methodism which goes some way to condone the effect of his later and more ambitious effort. It occurs in the penultimate plate of the series called 'Industry and Idleness,' where is delineated the tragic ending to the graceless career of Thomas Idle. Of the wonderful crowd of debased and brutalized spectators which, with its

fringe of ruffianism of all sorts, went to make up the horrors of an 'Execution Day' under the sanguinary penal code of the Georges, it is not here necessary to speak. But of the more prominent of the *dramatis personæ*, there are three, or rather four, which chiefly serve to rivet the attention. One is the tiny figure of the 'topsman,' or hangman, standing out against the outline of the Highgate Hills, and stolidly smoking a short pipe on the summit of the triple tree itself. Another is the smug Ordinary of Newgate, who, with the 'red-lettered face' that tells 'more of good living than of grace,' complacently surveys the crowd as he rolls slowly in his coach of office to his perfunctory ministrations. Next, in the cart itself, escorted by the mounted sheriff's officers, and lying back against his coffin in an agony of abject terror, is the miserable convict, holding mechanically before his face an open book which his eyes do not perceive; while beside him in the vehicle, conspicuous by the lank hair then held to be the outward and visible sign of Dissent, sits an itinerant preacher, who, with uplifted hand, vigorously but vainly exhorts his scarcely-conscious companion. The fervent gesticulation and terrible energy of the volunteer chaplain are in marked contrast to the sleek indifference of the

recognized functionary; and there is, in addition, a look of actuality about the former which excites curiosity. But with the Rev. Dr. Trusler, and the earlier commentators of the artist, even Wesley was nothing more than 'a leader of a sect called Methodists'; and no foot-note identifies this most humble of his camp-followers. Exactly one hundred and forty-seven years after date, however, we are enabled to supply, from a trustworthy source, the information so long withheld. The life of the preacher, written by himself, is still extant. His name was SILAS TOLD.

It is a queer Dickens-like name, almost far-fetched enough to be fictitious. But even were its strict veracity not vouched for by Wesley himself, there is little appearance of fiction about the brief autobiography whose over-copious title is reproduced below.[1] Silas Told was born 'at the Lime-kilns, near the hot-wells' at Bristol in

[1] An ACCOUNT of the LIFE, and DEALINGS of GOD with SILAS TOLD, late Preacher of the Gospel; wherein is set forth the wonderful Display of Divine Providence towards him when at Sea; his various Sufferings abroad; together with many Instances of the Sovereign Grace of God, in the conversion of several Malefactors under Sentence of Death, who were greatly blessed under his Ministry. Written by Himself. . . . London: Printed and sold by Gilbert and Plummer (No. 13) Cree-Church-Lane, Leaden-

April, 1711. He could scarcely be called, like Bunyan, 'of a low and inconsiderable Generation,' for his father had been a Bristol physician, who, falling into difficulties through speculation, ended his career as a doctor on a Guinea trader; while his mother was the daughter of a Devonshire sea-captain. Both were religious people, and the boy's earliest days were spent in wandering in the fields and in long conversations with his sister Dulcy (Dulcybella) 'about God and happiness.' That such a childhood should be accompanied by preternatural manifestations was perhaps inevitable. Once when the children had lost themselves in King's Wood, they were twice mysteriously driven into the right way by the apparition of a large dog, which conveniently vanished as soon as its mission was performed. When he was between seven and eight years of age, little Silas went—like Chatterton forty years later—to the Bristol Blue Coat School (Edward Colston's famous hospital), concerning the philanthropic founder of which he relates more than one anecdote. Here, saturating himself with the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' he had another curious experience. He was nearly drowned while bathing, and, after

hall-Street; and by T. Scollick, Bookseller, City Road, 1786 (12mo.).

being rescued in a partially-conscious condition by a benevolent Dutchman, had a kind of vision of Bunyan's Celestial City. From the quiet half-monastic life at Colston's he was roughly withdrawn in July, 1725, when, being at that time about fourteen, he was apprenticed to Captain Moses Lilly of the 'Prince of Wales,' bound from Bristol to Cork and Jamaica. On the entire voyage out the poor lad was sick. From Jamaica the ship sailed down to the Bay of Campeachy. Returning thence to the West Indies, both water and provisions failed owing to a miscalculation, and they were all but starved. In Kingston Harbour they came in for a tremendous hurricane, which cast away seventy-five sail, piling them one upon another like band-boxes, drove a large snow of 220 tons half a mile inland among the cocoa-trees, and strewed the sea-shore for leagues with the bodies of drowned men. As for the 'Prince of Wales,' she parted all her three cables at once. Having then turned broadside to the wind, she overset, sank as far as the ground would permit, and in that condition was driven with her gunwale on the bottom to the extremity of the harbour, a distance of about twelve miles. After the hurricane, came a pestilential sickness which swept away thousands of the natives. Neg-

lected by his skipper, Captain Lilly's apprentice was left in a warehouse to the attentions of a black, who dosed him daily with Jesuits'-bark. Finally, when he had practically laid himself down to die on a dunghill at the east end of Kingston, he attracted the attention of a benevolent London captain, and ultimately returned to Bristol in the 'Montserrat,' Master, David Jones. It was not an auspicious name; but the boatswain of the vessel, a much-experienced man, effectually cured the boy of his fever.

His seafaring life, it will be seen, had already been chequered, and Captain Lilly in addition—like the master in 'Sally in our Alley'—had often 'banged him most severely.' But the skipper of the 'Prince of Wales' was an angel of light in comparison with Captain Timothy Tucker of the 'Royal George,' to whom he was next transferred, and who, by the contrast between his precepts and his practice, must have reminded Told of his old friend Talkative in Bunyan. 'A greater villain, I firmly believe, never existed, although at home he assumed the character and temper of a saint.' Upon one occasion, Tucker not only horsewhipped his unfortunate apprentice with such energy that his clothes were cut to pieces on his back, and the

crew declared they could see his bones, but he jumped repeatedly upon the pit of his stomach—'in order to endanger his life.' 'Had not the people laid hold of my two legs, and thrown me under the windlass (after the manner they threw cats or dogs) he would have ended his despotic cruelty in murder.' The inadequate reason for this brutal assault was that Tucker thought the boy had been wasteful in taking bread from the gun-room. At another time, when he was suffering from fever, he was furiously thrashed to make him better. That he escaped with his life is marvellous, for Tucker stuck at nothing. Once he deliberately shot a sick negro in cold blood; and he so tormented the ship's cook, John Bundy, that the miserable creature flung himself overboard. As may be gathered, the 'Royal George' was a slaver; and the Bristol apprentice escaped none of the horrible incidents of that horrible traffic. When the negro above-mentioned was put to death, the rest of the blacks revolted, with intent to kill the crew; 'but we,' says Silas—borrowing for the nonce the pen of Defoe—'nimbly betaking ourselves to the cannons, pointed them through a bulk-head that parted the main and quarter-deck; which, when they perceived, the greater part of them ran down

between decks, and the remainder jumped overboard, and were all drowned, save one or two which, with the assistance of the Jolly boat, we rescued from the violence of the sea.' Once again, when they were ready to sail, a panic broke out among the human cargo below, who began to shriek dismally that Egbo (*i.e.* the devil) was among them. Next morning, on the hatches being opened, forty out of a total of eighty slaves were found to have been suffocated, and were promptly thrown over the ship's side.

From the 'blood-thirsty devil' Tucker, Silas Told passed to Captain Roach of the 'Scipio,' whom he describes as 'a pleasant tempered gentleman, and exceeding free and liberal with all his ship's company'—a commendation apparently compatible, in a West Indian skipper, with a good many questionable qualities. At New Calabar, Captain Roach, being then probably under the influence of the punch which he had been brewing in a tub on the quarter-deck, took umbrage at certain ill-timed attentions offered by a local slave-dealer to a handsome black girl in whom Roach was personally interested. Thereupon Captain Roach promptly knocked out all the offender's front teeth with his cane, and, running to the state-room for a loaded pistol, obliged

Tom Ancora (for such was the dealer's name) to jump overboard in order to avoid being shot. Reflecting subsequently upon the bad policy of what he had done, Captain Roach, against the advice of his crew, arrayed himself in scarlet plush, girt on his sword, and went ashore in state to make matters up. He was received with much feigned cordiality by Ancora, who straightway concocted for his guest so potent a loving-cup that it gradually paralyzed, and (though he lingered for some weeks) eventually did for, the unfortunate captain of the 'Scipio.' His last illness was accompanied by an occurrence of 'an ominous nature,' which Silas must relate for himself:

'Every day, in the course of his [Captain Roach's] weakness in body, he made repeated efforts to reach the cabin windows, in order to receive the cooling air, and at whatever times he looked in the water, a devil-fish was regularly swimming at the stern of the ship; he did not appear to be a fish of prey, but his breadth from fin to fin was about 28 feet, and in length about seven or eight, with a wide tail, and two ivory horns in front. He followed the ship, to our best calculation, near 1800 miles, nor was it remembered by any of the ship's crew that a fish

of that nature had made its appearance in the course of any of their voyages. Perpetual attempts to destroy or catch this monster was made, by the fastening a thick rope round the body of a dead negro, and casting him over-board, but it was ineffectual; the fish swam close under our stern, got his horns entangled in the rope, underrun it to the end, and then tossed his refused prey several yards above the water. When the captain died he forsook the ship, and we saw him no more.'

Many other experiences remained for Silas Told which can only be glanced at briefly here. Between Jamaica and Cuba, the 'Scipio' was taken by a Spanish *guarda costa*, and her crew narrowly escaped hanging on the Platform under Cape Nicolas in St. Domingo. Then they were wrecked on a reef; had to swim for fresh water through a shark-haunted sea; to bury themselves in the sand to avoid the mosquitoes—and so forth. Being rescued by a passing vessel, they set sail for Boston, to be cast away anew on 'the Gay-Head of St. Matthias's vine-yard' (*i.e.* Martha's Vineyard, off Massachusetts). Here Told, with three others, swam naked to land, got a line on shore, and saved the ship's company. On Martha's Vineyard they found a friendly gover-

nor, Ebenezer Allen, who welcomed them with the large-handed hospitality of the old colonial days, fed and clothed them, and even proposed, there being but few whites on the island, that Told, who was better educated than the others, should settle in the place and marry one of his daughters. This advantageous, and even ideal offer, for Allen was immensely rich in flocks and herds, being declined with thanks, he gave them forty shillings each, and franked them to Sandwich on the mainland. Making their way through Hanover, they were treated with the same liberality by the New Englanders, though they were gravely rebuked for travelling on Sunday. At last Silas reached Boston, where he lived for four months. Of the Bostonians of that day, he speaks with unreserved commendation. 'Their behaviour,' he says, 'is altogether amiable, as peacemakers; and they are naturally blessed with humane inclinations, together with such strict order and œconomy as I never before observed; nor do I ever remember to have heard one oath uttered, or the name of the Lord mentioned, save upon a religious occasion, during the time I tarried at that place.'

Restless as Ulysses, Silas did not yet quit the sea. After visiting his home in England, he

shipped as gunner of the slaver 'Amoretta,' bound to Old Calabar, and subsequently served in the 'Ann and Judith.' He next went a voyage to the Mediterranean, whence returning he was pressed, after the barbarous fashion of those days, off the Isle of Wight, and transferred to the 'Phœnix' man-of-war. Here his captain, one Trivil Caley by name, proved to be a pious man, who differed as much from the sea-officers of Smollett as his lieutenants closely resembled those worthies. In this favourable environment, Told's boyish instincts, which had lain dormant during his wild seafaring life, began faintly to revive. Again he saw visions as of old, and listened to supernatural monitions. Then one Christmas Eve he married, choosing for his helpmate 'a very virtuous young woman' named Mary Verney. After this he went with the fleet to Lisbon, and was all but wrecked once more on those rocks of Scilly which had proved so fatal to that 'plain gallant Man,' Sir Cloudesley Shovel. In February, 1736, he was paid off in Chatham river, and never again saw blue water.

Bred a Churchgoer in his boyhood, he still as a man clung to his first impressions. But he was near his turning-point; and the behaviour of the curate of the Essex village where, on fourteen

pounds a year, he now settled as a schoolmaster, served not a little to disturb his illusions. The curate loved a sea-song and a bowl of punch; but for this latter had not the justification of the Ordinary in 'Jonathan Wild,' namely, that punch 'is nowhere spoken against in Scripture,' since, as he informed his guest in a burst of confidence, he did not (in spite of his cloth) 'believe the Scripture.' This, in the circumstances, Told thought so terrible that he promptly renounced him. Losing his school soon after, Told came to London, where he found employments of different kinds. One day, in 1740, an acquaintance took him, much against his will, to hear Wesley at the Foundry in Moorfields, at this time a ruinous old building in which the Methodists met almost secretly and at extremely early hours. The magnetic influence of the preacher set his new listener on fire. 'This is the truth,' a voice seemed to say; and, notwithstanding the opposition of his wife, he became a zealous convert to Methodism. His earnestness attracted Wesley's notice, with the result that he was ultimately placed in charge of the charity school in the band room at the back of the Foundry—a post which he filled faithfully for seven years and three months, working from five in the morning

until five at night. While he was thus employed came what may be called the determining moment in his career. At one of the morning services in 1744 Wesley preached from the text, 'I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.' To the schoolmaster of the Foundry the words seemed like a special revelation of his calling. Henceforth, until his death, he became a regular visitor to the condemned cells at Newgate, earning in time, as opposed to the 'Ordinary,' the popular title of the 'Prisoners' Chaplain.' From the outset he took his place in the cart with the convicts; and as Hogarth's 'Industry and Idleness' was published in 1747, there can be no reasonable doubt that he is the person actually intended in the plate entitled 'The Idle 'Prentice Executed at Tyburn.' Indeed, it is possible that Hogarth may have sketched him without knowing his name, since the memoir from which the above particulars are derived was not issued until long after the death of both.

Silas Told's life, which, from the date of his leaving the sea, had been comparatively uneventful, grows barren of personal interest at this point; and henceforth his autobiography treats chiefly of the more notable of the malefactors with whom he was brought into contact. Among

the strangest of his stories is that of John Lancaster, one of a batch of ten poor wretches sentenced to death, whom Told saw upon his first visit to the prison. Lancaster, a young man, had been a thief; but he had come under religious influences while in confinement, and he met his fate with a pious exaltation that moved even the sheriff to tears. Being without friends, there was no one to bury his body. The moment it was cut down, it was consequently pounced upon by the 'surgeon's mob,' who carried it over to Paddington for dissection. They had no sooner gone off than a gang of eight sailors armed with truncheons appeared upon the scene. Whether they had hoped to rescue Lancaster is not stated, but they were apparently in search of him; and learning from an old woman who sold gin what had happened, they went after the 'surgeon's mob.' Having recovered the corpse, they paraded it, two at a time, about the suburbs until they were tired; and finally deposited it by common consent on a chance doorstep. A startling result followed. The noise which this proceeding made in the neighbourhood brought down the frightened old woman of the house, who, on seeing the dead body, found it was that of her son!

The 'Prisoners' Chaplain' speaks of the hanging

of Lancaster and his companions as more like a fair than an awful execution. His words, in fact, are almost a description of Hogarth's print. 'There was a very crowded concourse,' he says, 'among whom were numberless gin and gingerbread vendors, accompanied by pick-pockets . . . of almost every denomination in London.' In later years he must often have witnessed that motley scene again. Now and then, under the indiscriminate rigour of the law, the cases were exceptionally pitiable. Such, for example, was that of a young man named Coleman, who was hanged on insufficient evidence; such, again, that of Mary Edmonson, a poor girl who suffered on Kennington Common, in 1759, upon a charge of murdering her aunt—a charge of which, as the event proved, she was absolutely guiltless. Another case which Told narrates presents something of the sensational element which characterized that of John Lancaster. Four gentlemen, one being a naval officer, got drunk at an election dinner, took the road for a frolic, and robbed an Essex farmer. The farmer followed them into Chelmsford; they were taken, tried, and sentenced to be hanged. Many efforts were made in their behalf; but George II. was inexorable. 'His subjects,' he said, 'were not to be put in

bodily fear, and suffer the loss of their property, merely through a capricious, wanton whim.' Morgan, the naval officer, was, however, engaged to a lady of rank, a daughter (according to Told) of the Duke of Hamilton. His betrothed was untiring in her appeals to the King to spare her lover's life, persisting up to the very day preceding the execution, when His Majesty at last yielded to her importunity so far as to consent to a reprieve at the gallows' foot. Told, who had visited the unhappy convicts repeatedly during their confinement, and was present as usual, only learned of this decision by seeing one of the group fall fainting to the ground under the shock of the announcement. At first he thought it was a rescue, but he was reassured when he found the respited man seated in a coach beside the lady who had so devotedly pleaded his cause. The other three were hanged.

The last of those of whom Told gives an account was the infamous and notorious Mrs. Elizabeth Brownrigg, of Fleur de Lys Court, Fetter Lane, who, in Canning's parody of Southey,

> 'whipp'd two female 'prentices to death
> And hid them in the coal-hole.'

He had many interviews with her, and seems to

have believed in her complete contrition and repentance. He rode with her in the cart to Tyburn; and, in the frontispiece to an edition of his autobiography published at Salford in 1806, she is depicted much in the position of Thomas Idle in Hogarth's print, with Told seated at her side. But, if one may judge from the 'authentick Narrative' published by Mr. Urban in September, 1767, she is not a malefactor with whom it is possible to sympathize greatly. Told's ministrations to her and to the other inmates of Newgate, it should be added, were not effected without difficulty; and vested interests, in the shape of keepers and Ordinary, were often arrayed against him — his clerical brother, in particular, taking an infinity of pains to harass and obstruct him in his pious offices. But his invincible tenacity of purpose triumphed over all obstacles, and he was even able to effect some trifling reforms in the prison itself. Nor were his exertions confined to Newgate, for, in process of time, he visited (he says) 'every prison, as well as many workhouses in and about London; and frequently travelled to almost every town within 12 miles around this metropolis.'

In December, 1778, in his sixty-eighth year, Silas Told's life of obscure and unselfish useful-

ness came to an end. But the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for that date devotes no obituary line to the patient 'Prisoners' Chaplain' from whose lips so many hapless beings had heard the last words of comfort and consolation. His best epitaph is to be found in Wesley's 'Journal': '*Sun.* 20.—I buried what was mortal of honest Silas Told. For many years he attended the malefactors in Newgate, without fee or reward; and I suppose no man for this hundred years has been so successful in that melancholy office. God had given him peculiar talents for it; and he had amazing success therein. The greatest part of those whom he attended died in peace, and many of them in the triumph of faith.'

JOHNSON'S LIBRARY.

'THERE are my friends;—there are my books, to which I have not yet bid farewell.' Thus Johnson—writing in the last months of his life to Dr. Brocklesby from Lichfield—speaks of the London that he loved so dearly. He loved his books dearly too. But his attachment for them, like his attachment for his friends, was after all but a growling kind of affection, not incompatible with much severe discipline and no small amount of rough usage. Whether he would actually have marked his place with the countless straws ('*paleas innumeras*') of the slovenly student in the 'Philobiblon,' or—as is related of another even more unpardonable amateur—set the leg of a chair on a volume to keep it open, may in charity be doubted. What is certain is, that he would not scruple to cut the leaves with a greasy knife, and read while he was eating (one knows how he eat!); and it is probable that with his imperfect sight, his haste to 'tear out the heart' of his subject, and his frequent fits of absence or abstraction, he was not in the least the kind of

person to whom one would have cared to confide the masterpieces of Miss Prideaux or Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, even though, out of abundance of caution, he should cuddle them uncouthly in a corner of the tablecloth, as he once did with Charles Sheridan's 'Revolution in Sweden.' 'David!' he said to Garrick, 'will you lend me your "Petrarca"?' (Petrarch, it may be remembered, had been the passion of his boyhood.) And Garrick answering doubtfully 'Y—e—s, Sir!' was greeted with a reproachful 'David! you sigh?'—the obvious outcome of which was that the treasure, 'stupendously bound,' and no doubt containing the famous Shakespeare bookplate with its cautionary motto from the 'Ménagiana,' found its way that very evening into Johnson's keeping. 'He received it,' reported Boswell, who happened to be present, 'with a Greek ejaculation and a couplet or two from "Horace";' and then—in one of those transports of enthusiasm which seemed to require that (like Dominie Sampson) he should spread his arms aloft—poor Garrick's 'Petrarca,' 'stupendously bound,' pounced over his head upon the floor, to be forthwith forgotten in the train of thought to which it had given birth. Can it be wondered that Garrick, a precise, natty man, with the ambitions, if not the instincts, of a

connoisseur, and a punctilious respect for externals, should hesitate to lend his priceless 'old plays' to such a reader,—a reader who, moreover, if he made show of religiously registering his obligations, seldom carried his good resolutions so far as to return the books he borrowed, although—like Coleridge later—he usually enriched them liberally with unsolicited *marginalia*? When a man deals thus with the property of his friends, he cannot be expected to spare his own; and it may easily be believed that Johnson's collection, based, no doubt, on works originally brought together for the preparation of the 'Dictionary,' was, as described, 'by no means handsome in its appearance.' Nor, though he was discovered, on more than one occasion, in hedger's gloves and a cloud of his own raising, vaguely endeavouring to import 'Heaven's first law' into his library by vigorously 'buffeting' the unfortunate volumes together, could those volumes be said to be, in any sense, either well cared for or well kept. 'He has many good books, but they are all lying in confusion and dust,' wrote Boswell to Temple in 1763; and Hawkins reports further that they were 'miserably ragged' and 'defaced,' and 'chosen with so little regard to editions or their external appearance, as shewed they were intended for use,

and that he disdained the ostentation of learning.' That they grew to be fairly numerous is nevertheless clear from the auction catalogue drawn up in 1785 after their owner's death.

Until very recently, this catalogue of Mr. Christie, at whose 'Great Room in Pall Mall' the sale took place, was comparatively inaccessible. The Bodleian, we believe, possesses a copy; and another was discovered by Mr. Peter Cunningham; while a third, which had belonged to the Rev. Samuel Lysons, the antiquary, was sold at Puttick's in November, 1881, with the books of a well-known collector, Col. F. Grant, being bound up in a volume containing other valuable Johnsoniana which Lysons had collected. As late as June, 1892, however, a *facsimile*—which, as it was limited to 150 copies, should speedily become rare—was reprinted by Messrs. Unwin for the meeting of the Johnson Club at Oxford. It forms a pamphlet of twenty-eight pages, and (engravings not included) 650 'lots,' representing of course a much larger number of volumes; and it is entitled 'A Catalogue of the Valuable Library of Books, of the late learned Samuel Johnson, Esq; LL.D., Deceased.' The sale was to take place on Wednesday, February 16th, 1785, and the three following days. That it could not have

comprised the whole of the Doctor's possessions is clear from the fact that, in his will, he left some of the more important volumes to friends. Reynolds, for instance, was to have the great French Dictionary of Martinière, as well as Johnson's own copy of his 'folio English Dictionary, of the last revision'; Hawkins was to have Holinshed, Stowe, the 'Annales Ecclesiastici' of Baronius, and 'an octavo Common Prayer-Book'; Langton, a Polyglot Bible; Windham, the Greek Heroic Poets. Other persons indicated were also to select a book; and this may perhaps account for some conspicuous absences from Mr. Christie's pages. They include the unworshipful 'little Pompadour,' the translation of which Johnson indicated to Strahan in 1759 as the model for the *format* of 'Rasselas'; but they do not include 'Rasselas' itself. They contain Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World' and 'Roman History,' but they show no sign of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' a masterpiece dedicated by Goldsmith to his friend, of a copy of which that friend might reasonably be supposed to have died possessed. This is the more remarkable because Johnson had certainly preserved Francklin's 'Lucian,' Wilson's 'Archæological Dictionary,' and several other efforts by authors far less able than 'Doctor *Minor*' who

had inscribed to him their performances. The difficulty, however, disappears if we assume 'Rasselas' and the rest, to have been selected by the persons named in the will, who, as Boswell is careful to acquaint us, prevented any 'curious question as to the order of choice' by luckily fixing upon different books. One of these mementoes, being that which fell to the lot of Cruikshank, the famous surgeon of Leicester Fields by whom Johnson was attended in his last illness, the present writer is fortunate enough to possess. It is a copy of Dr. Samuel Clarke's edition of 'Homer,' 1740-54, four volumes 4to in two; and it bears, at foot of the title-page, the words—'Property of W^m^. Cruikshank in consequence of the Will or Testament of Dr. Samuel Johnson.' Boswell records but one quotation made by the Doctor from this edition of the author 'whom he venerated as the prince of poets,' and that is in no wise textual; but he says that at the close of Johnson's life (and a little to the astonishment of his friends, since Clarke was not considered orthodox) he was frequently employed in reading Clarke's 'Sermons,' which he also fervently recommended to Dr. Brocklesby as 'fullest on the propitiatory sacrifice.' It is therefore not surprising that

there are two sets of the 'Sermons' in the Catalogue.

Bibliographical rarities, real or fictitious, do not figure largely in Mr. Christie's pamphlet. Only one work is described as 'elegantly bound,' and that is a Leipsic edition of the 'Journey to the Western Islands'; one only is characterized as 'very scarce,' and that is Dr. Percy's 'Earl of Northumberland's Houshold Book,' of which Walpole had a copy in the library at Strawberry. What is ostensibly a first *folio* of Shakespeare is chronicled at p. 21, but the '1623' is plainly a misprint for '1632,' such being the date of that second *folio* which, at Theobald's death, and, it is to be presumed, *before* the historical assault, was presented to Johnson by Osborne the bookseller. Theobald had made many manuscript notes; Johnson made more; and the volume in which the first hero of the 'Dunciad' and the author of 'The Vanity of Human Wishes' so curiously collaborate, is now in the collection of Mr. Henry Irving, who bought it at the Aylesford sale of 1888. Not very far from the Shakespeare in the Catalogue is a Gerarde's 'Herball' of 1633, which, according to the author of 'Gossip in a Library,' is 'the right edition' of Gerarde, whose editor and continuator, by the way, was

also a Johnson, having Thomas to his Christian name, 'citizen and apothecarye of London.' Among the remaining *folios* on the same page is Burton's 'Anatomie,' the only work which, the good Doctor protested, 'ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.' This, which was bound up with Sir Matthew Hale's 'Primitive Origination of Mankind,' 1677, is the issue of 1676; and the volume now forms part of the material for that gigantic enterprise at present in progress at Oxford under the guiding hand of Dr. J. A. H. Murray. An inscription which it bears affirms it to have been bought at Johnson's sale by one William Collins. It was afterwards presented to the Philological Society in 1863 by a subsequent owner, and so passed into the Sunnyside arsenal of authorities.[1] The Hale part of the volume is freely embellished by the lines and marks, described by Boswell and others, with which Johnson prepared quotations for transcription. Sometimes there are marginal comments, of which the following is cited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill. According to Hale—'Averroes says that if the world were not eternal . . . it could never have been at all, because an eternal duration must

[1] We are indebted for these particulars to the courtesy of Dr. Murray himself.

necessarily have anteceded the first production of the world.' Opposite to this Johnson has written, 'This argument will hold good equally against the writing that I now write.' If we turn to the 'Dictionary' we shall find that he uses another sentence from Hale as an illustration of the unusual word 'antecede.'

At p. 14 is the little 'Hudibras' (1726), with 'first impressions' of the plates which Hogarth is supposed to have adapted from the vagabond painter and tavern-haunter, Francis Lepipre, and which he afterwards so much surpassed by his own inventions;[1] lower down there is the 'Perspective' of Brook Taylor by Joshua Kirby, with Hogarth's quaint pictorial preachment upon the perils which environ the adventurous in that art. There is a copy of Cheyne's 'English Malady'; there are works of Mead, and Cheselden the anatomist:

> 'I'll do what MEAD and CHESELDEN advise,
> To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.'

There is a copy of the 'Medicinal Dictionary'

[1] According to Wright, this copy, having Johnson's signature, and dated Aug. 1747, passed into the collection of Mr. Upcott. Mr. Upcott also possessed two volumes of the proof sheets of the 'Lives of the Poets,' which are now in the Forster Collection at South Kensington.

of Dr. Robert James of the Fever Powder (3 vols. *folio*), for which Johnson, besides contributing several of the articles, prepared the judicious dedication 'To Dr. Mead,' which, according to Boswell, was so excellently calculated 'to conciliate the patronage of that very eminent man'; there is also another book in which—to use old Thomas Heywood's figure—he had certainly, if not 'an entire hand, at least a main finger,' the Brumoy's 'Greek Theatre' of Mrs. Charlotte Lenox, whose translation of Sully's 'Memoirs' is included in the collection. Among biographies, there is the 'Gustavus Adolphus' of Philip Stanhope's tutor, Dr. Walter Harte—that melancholy failure, to escape the expected overpowering success of which its too-sanguine author sought the retirement of the country; among histories, there is Macaulay's 'England' (2 vols.), which reads like an anachronism. But it is, of course, the forgotten performance of the egregious lady once known as 'the celebrated female historian.' And it must, moreover, have been a presentation copy, for Johnson, who frankly admitted that he had never taken the trouble to read the book, would hardly have bought it, even if he had not detested the writer. She rouged; and she was a red Republican; and ''A never could abide carnations,'

Theology, as may perhaps be anticipated, is largely represented by other books besides Clarke's 'Sermons'; and there is a goodly array of authorities upon the Doctor's hobby of chemistry, a taste which had lasted from his life of Boerhaave in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' down to the days of that laboratory at Streatham, in which he terrified the Thrale family circle by the temerity of his experiments. There are naturally numerous works on language and etymology; there is also an abundance of Greek and Latin *folios* and *quartos*, including the 'Macrobius' he had quoted with such excellent effect upon his first arrival at Pembroke College. There are many books by authors whose names are familiar in the pages of Boswell: Reynolds' 'Discourses,' Grainger's 'Tibullus,' Hoole's 'Ariosto,' Nichols' 'Anecdotes of Bowyer,' Carter's 'Epictetus,' etc. But, upon the whole, it must be presumed, as Boswell suggests, that it was a desire to possess a relic of Dr. Johnson, rather than a desire to possess the books themselves, which prompted the majority of the purchasers. In any case, the sum realized, £247 9*s*., does not appear to have been regarded by the late owner's contemporaries as an unusually unsatisfactory amount. Why the sale itself attracted so little public attention is not

easy to explain. Beyond a trivial epigram in the 'Public Advertiser,' where it was announced *once*, it seems to have been wholly ignored by the press. In the 'Gentleman's Magazine' there is no mention of it, nor is it noticed in any way by Johnson's favourite news-sheet, the 'London Chronicle.'

THE TWO PAYNES.

WHERE are the bookshops of old time? Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Edmund Gosse have each written a *ballade* of bygone cities. Why should there not be a *ballade* of bygone bookshops?

> CURLL, by the *Fleet-Ditch* nymphs caress'd;
> TONSON the Great, the slow-to-pay;
> LINTOT, of Folios rubric-press'd;
> OSBORNE, that stood in JOHNSON'S way;
> DODSLEY, who sold the 'Odes' of Gray;
> DAVIES, that lives in CHURCHILL'S rhyme;
> MILLAR and KNAPTON,—where are they?
> Where are the bookshops of old time?

So might it run,—were playthings still the mode! Meanwhile, it is more easy to name than to localize those old rallying-places of the Curious. Where, for example, was the establishment of 'honest Tom Payne,' to whom belongs the distinction of being among the first of the second-hand booksellers who issued Catalogues? He began his career in Round-Court, Strand (now effaced by the Charing Cross Hospital), at the

'Horace's Head' of Olive Payne, his brother, who, in 1736, issued a *folio* edition of Capt. Charles Johnson's once-famous 'Lives of the Highwaymen and Pyrates.' Then Thomas Payne set up in the same place on his own account, putting forth in February, 1740, his first printed list of 'Books in Divinity, History, Classicks, Medicine, Voyages, Natural History, etc.,' further described as 'in excellent condition, and mostly gilt and lettered.' But from 1750 to 1790 he dwelt 'at the Mews-Gate'; and for the Mews Gate, as well as for the Mews itself, which occupied the ground at present covered by Trafalgar Square and the National Gallery, the picturesque topographer may seek in vain. Luckily some of Thomas Payne's early Catalogues are more explicit in their indications, for they give his full address as 'in Castle Street, next the *Upper* Mews-Gate, near St. Martin's Church.' It is clear, therefore, that it is not at the Union Club end of the Square that we must look for the site, but at the bottom of the new Charing Cross Road. Here, for forty years, in a little shop shaped like an L, Thomas Payne, assisted by his factotum, Edward Noble,[1] dispensed his wares; and here—

[1] Another of Thomas Payne's assistants, from 1789 to 1797, was John Hatchard, the founder of the well-known

measuring margins, or discussing the merits of wire-wove and black-letter—were daily to be found the 'Doctor Dewlaps' of the day, the Greens, the Gilpins, the Gossets, the Grangers, and the like. Many once celebrated collections passed into Payne's Catalogues, and were dispersed again over his counter. He bought the books of Ralph Thoresby, the Leeds antiquary, at whose sale Horace Walpole acquired for 20*s*. the vellum volume of York Miracle Plays, of which the price, in 1844, had risen to £305; he bought the books of that corpulent connoisseur in

> 'auld nick-nackets;
> Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets'—

Francis Grose. He was also to some extent a publisher—witness his issue of Gough's 'British Topography.' But his chief claims to remembrance are his inflexible integrity, his unrivalled knowledge of his business, and his genuine love of letters. In that singular, and, judging by the number of its editions, once exceptionally popular satire, Mr. T. J. Mathias his 'Pursuits of Literature,' Payne is mentioned several times. 'Must I'—says the author—

bookselling house in Piccadilly ('Piccadilly Bookmen,' by Arthur L. Humphreys, 1893).

'must I, as a wit with learned air,
Like Doctor Dewlap, to TOM PAYNE's repair,
Meet Cyril Jackson and mild Cracherode,[1]
'Mid literary gods myself a god?
There make folks wonder at th' extent of genius
In the Greek Aldus or the Dutch Frobenius,
And then, to edify their learned souls,
Quote *pleasaunt* sayings from *The Shippe of Foles*.'

A foot-note to this reference, one of those profuse annotations which, it is shrewdly suspected, furnished the real pretext of the poem, describes Payne as a 'Trypho Emeritus.' He is also pronounced to have been 'one of the best and honestest men living,'—'to whom, as a bookseller, learning is under considerable obligations."[2]

[1] Jackson was the learned Dean of Christ Church, Oxford; the Rev. Clayton M. Cracherode was a famous Collector of the Classics. He left his library, etc., worth £40,000, to the British Museum, of which he was a Trustee.

[2] There is an excellent portrait of Thomas Payne at p. 435, vol. iii., of Dibdin's 'Decameron,' 1817. One of his successors at the Mews Gate premises, after Sancho the black, Ignatius Sancho's son, was Mr. James Bain, who afterwards removed to No. 1, Haymarket, where his business is still carried on—in accordance with the best bookselling traditions—by his sons. There are few English or American collectors who are not familiar with this pleasant rendezvous for book-lovers.

Not the least of these obligations is his protection and encouragement of his exceedingly eccentric and even disreputable namesake, Roger Payne the bookbinder. This is the more meritorious, because, in spite of appearances to the contrary, they were not in any way related. Payne the bookbinder was born in 1739 on the confines of Windsor Forest. Having chosen his calling early, he was first employed by Joseph Pote, the well-known bookseller of Eton. He subsequently drifted to Osborne of Gray's Inn, that 'rough, imperative tradesman' whom Johnson, for his intolerable insolence, knocked down with a folio. Payne himself was not of a particularly conciliatory disposition, and the ill-assorted pair soon parted company. Then Roger Payne came under the influence of Thomas Payne, who ultimately, somewhere between 1766 and 1770, set him up in business near Leicester Square. It may, indeed, be said that to Thomas book-lovers owe the existence of Roger. For, in addition to other peculiarities, both inherited and acquired, poor Roger Payne had an inordinate attachment to ale. This kept him all his life-time in hopeless poverty and squalor, although, strangely enough, it did not —for many years at least—impair his wonderful skill as a craftsman. He seems to have had no

graver vices than this of 'barley-broth,' which to him (like 'orses and dogs' to the squint-eyed specialist in 'David Copperfield' who robbed poor David of his coveted box-seat on the Canterbury Coach) was 'wittles and drink—lodging, wife, and children—reading, writing, and 'rithmetic—snuff, tobacker, and sleep.' Once, according to the younger Payne (Tom Payne's son), Roger's day's record contained but the two Falstaffian 'items'—'Bacon, 1 halfpenny; Liquor, 1 shilling.' When he could get ale, he would not work; when he worked, he grew lyrical at the prospect of it, and broke into strange bursts of disconnected doggerel in his bills. Here, collected by Dibdin from oral tradition, is one verse of two with which he sent home Sir Edward Barry's 'Observations on the Wines of the Ancients' (1775):

> 'Homer the Bard who sung in highest strains,
> The festive gift, a goblet, for his pains;
> Falernian gave Horace, Virgil, fire
> And *Barley Wine* my British Muse inspire.
> Barley Wine first from Egypt's learned shore;
> And this the gift to me from CALVERT's store."

With this regrettable infirmity—not of rhyme, but of liquor—it may, perhaps, be guessed that Roger Payne never had any extensive establishment such as that in Duke Street, Piccadilly, of

his successor, Charles Lewis, or the palatial premises now occupied in Shaftesbury Avenue by another distinguished bibliopegist, Mr. Zaehnsdorf. Indeed, for the greater part of his career, he worked alone in a bare and miserable garret, comprising in himself all the Seven Stages of Bookbinding. He not only made his own tools (of iron); but—and this undoubtedly gave to his work the characteristic impress of one intelligence—he was his own puller, collater, sewer, forwarder, headbander, coverer, and finisher. Late in life he took for assistant one Richard Wier, who was also a votary of 'barley broth,' and whose wife was a famous book-repairer and restorer, of whom Dibdin gives a portrait. Wier and his master, according to report, often quarrelled in, as well as out of their cups, from which encounters, Payne, who was the weaker and older man, generally came off badly. With the march of years, he grew shakier and shabbier and less skilful, and was finally maintained almost entirely by his good-natured bookseller namesake, at whose expense his portrait was etched and published by Silvester Harding, the Pall Mall miniature painter. The plate shows Payne in his Duke's Court 'sky-parlour,' much as he is described in Arnett's 'Bibliopegia,' surrounded only by a few gallipots,

and bending with thin claw-like fingers upon his binder's press. He looks round steadily at the spectator over a formidable hooked nose, out of a forest of unkempt, grizzled hair. His shoulders are shrouded by some temporary wrap; his feet are thrust into deplorable slippers, and one knee shows through his ragged trousers. Underneath, after the name 'Rogerus Payne,' and the words 'Natus Vindesor: MDCCXXXIX. denatus Londin: MDCCLXXXXVII', is the following elegiac couplet from the classic pen of Mr. James Bindley, the annotator of Boswell and the benevolent 'Leontes' of Dibdin:

> 'Effigiem hanc graphicam solertis BIBLIOPEGI
> *Μνημόσυνον* meritis BIBLIOPOLA dedit.'

One can imagine the astonishment of Lady Spencer's French *friseur*, when he witnessed the introduction into his mistress's dressing-room of this fantastic apparition. 'Est-ce que c'est ainsi qu'on se présente dans ce pais-ci dans un cabinet de toilette?'

What is perhaps more remarkable is, that, apart from the failing which kept him poor, Roger Payne, in addition to being an excellent, and, for those days, almost unique artificer, was also of a singularly independent and scrupulously honest

character. Otherwise, it would have been hazardous to entrust him with treasures as priceless as the thirty-two original designs of Flaxman inserted in the Glasgow 'Æschylus' (1795), which he bound for Earl Spencer. His bills for his work are minute even to tedium in their laborious enumeration of the amount of fine drawing paper used for inlaying, of 'pick'd lawn' *ditto* for interleaves, of silk for sewing, of size for 'sise-ing,' etc., together with the precise time occupied in washing, reviving, repairing, restoring, and so forth. And often the total of a very long account is extremely moderate. The 'Æschylus' abovenamed, which is his masterpiece, cost but £16 7*s*., and of this £3 15*s*. was expended on inlaying and preparing the drawings for binding. This book was bound in 'rough-grained Morocco' lined with Russia leather. Straight-grained red or olive Morocco was Payne's favourite basis for tooling, but he frequently employed Russia. Occasionally, as in the case of an Aldine Virgil of 1505 copied in the 'Portfolio' for May, 1893,[1] he inserted a cameo in the centre of the covers with excellent effect. In all the progressive stages of his art he

[1] See, in that periodical, an interesting series of articles on 'English Bookbindings,' by Mr. W. Y. Fletcher, or the British Museum.

was minutely careful; but in the 'forwarding,' as the preparation of the book for its jacket is professionally called, he excelled. His stitching, leaf-setting, headbanding, were all most conscientiously executed, and left nothing to be desired in the matter of strength and compactness, although very rigorous critics have complained that his backs were deficient in that cardinal virtue of a well-sewn book, flexibility. 'You may let a waggon roll over them, and they will not be injured,' said Thomas Payne the Second enthusiastically, referring to their admittedly solid and durable character. To which a matter-of-fact man might reasonably reply (like Dibdin) that he did not require to make a causeway of his library. In the 'finishing,' or decorating, department, again, Payne was pre-eminent. His tooling, expended as a rule on the back rather than on the sides of the volume, was generally adapted in some way to the character of the contents; and it was often singularly happy in its symmetrical disposition of the minute leaves, studs, circlets, stars, and crescents in which his soul delighted. His end-papers, by common consent, were often ill-chosen and unpleasant in colour. But there are spots on the sun!

Roger Payne, as appears from the inscription

quoted above, died in 1797, being then domiciled in a tiny room in Duke's Court, St. Martin's Lane, and he lies buried in the Pratt Street burying-ground of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Many of his quaint invoices of books bound for Earl Spencer, for his friendly medical adviser Dr. Moseley, and others, have been printed, more or less textually, in different places. As a sample, we transcribe the following from a pleasant (and also rare) little tractate upon Payne by Mr. W. L. Andrews of New York, which, it should be added, also contains some admirable reproductions, by the Bierstadt artotype process, of Payne bindings. The original bill is in the possession of Mr. Andrews, to whom the volume it concerns also belongs.

'The Earl of Northumberland's Houshold Book—Begun Anno Domini MDXII—London Printed MDCCLXX. Bound in the very best Manner in Red Morocco.

'No false Bands but Sew^{d} in the very best Manner on strong & neat Bands. The Back lined with Russia Leather under the Morocco Covering. Fine Drawing paper Colourd to suit the original Colour of the Book Inside for flying leaves and very neat Morocco Joints inside. The Outsides Finished in an elegant Antiq Taste with Borders of 'S 'S & Laurel Branch an Antiq Shield

& Crescent in ye Borders. The Crescent is used in the Head piece of ye preface which was my reason for using it in the Back & Borders being suitable to the Book. The greatest care hath been taken to preserve the margins. Gilt leaves not Cutt. 2 leaves was very much staind at y^e^ end of the Book we washed them very carfully and they are now very Clean.'

Then comes the modest price—£1 1*s.* 0*d.*

THE BERLIN HOGARTH.

DURING the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century, when, in France, Moreau le Jeune was preparing his incomparable designs to 'La Nouvelle Héloïse'; when the famous La Fontaine of Eisen, 'dite des Fermiers-Généraux,' was on every collector's table; when Stothard in England was adding a chastened charm to the decoration of the yet-young Novel of Manners; and Bewick with his 'Birds' and Tailpieces was inaugurating the long triumphs of the boxwood block, there was living quietly at Berlin, in full activity of patient production, an artist and illustrator as remarkable as any of these, and possessing some of the distinctive characteristics of each. Moreau himself was not a keener lover of costume and detail; like Eisen, he delighted (though with Teutonic sobriety) in the endless surprises of feminine elegance; he sought grace of grouping as unweariedly as Stothard; and he had all Bewick's passion for truth, and his pleasure in humorous antithesis. His name was Daniel Nicolaus Chodowiecki.

It was at Dantzic, on the 16th of October, 1726, that Chodowiecki was born, his father being a tradesman of that then-Polish town, and his mother of French extraction. The father had no means of making his sons (for two years later came a second boy, Gottfried) anything more than he was himself; but he seems to have given them such indifferent instruction in drawing as lay in his power. An aunt, who painted in enamel, also superintended their early efforts, and under her guidance young Daniel busied himself in copying the plates of Bloemaert and Jacques Callot, of Perelle and Martin de Vos, passing later to engravings after Lancret and Watteau, which latter it was his practice to reduce in size, so accustomed had his eye already become to minute methods of execution. From these reproductions, outlined carefully with the pen and washed with Indian ink, he proceeded to painting on parchment, his performances in this way being purchased by an uncle at Berlin. In 1740, owing to the death of his father, his mother was obliged to apprentice him to a widowed relative, who kept a grocer's shop. Here, from six in the morning to ten at night, he served at the counter, and even then his daily round was incomplete, for later came evening prayers and 'singing of

anthems.' Yet so irrepressible already was his enthusiasm for art, that he began to draw as soon as he reached his bedroom, often dropping asleep over his work. At church, again (like Bewick), he managed to follow his darling pursuit by copying the pictures on the walls in the covers of his hymn-book. It was during his apprenticeship, also, that he made his first studies from nature, wisely reproducing the world about him; and a sketch of the shop in which he worked, including his mistress dispensing her wares to her customers, still, we believe, exists to attest his proficiency at this date.

Fortunately, after a year and a half, the grocer's shop was shut, and Chodowiecki returned to his mother's house, whence, in 1743, he went to the before-mentioned uncle at Berlin, his younger brother having already preceded him. At the capital he had hoped for larger facilities for art-study. He was doomed to disappointment. There were no pictures worth seeing in the churches; and the collection at the palace was inaccessible. After some vague experiments in water-colour and miniature painting, coupled with a fruitless attempt at enamelling, he finally recognized the impossibility of living by art alone, and entered his uncle's business. But fate did

not intend him for a shopkeeper. With their uncle's consent, he and his brother took lessons of a Polish artist, one Johann Lorenz Haid, who had been a pupil of the battle-painter Rugendas. Though a mediocre craftsman, Haid, like Michael Cassio, was skilled in 'bookish theorick'; he had known men and cities, and his fluent studio patter once more aroused Chodowiecki's ambitions and enthusiasms. Once more he resolved to devote himself exclusively to art. This, his second 'Kunstperiod,' as he styled it, took place in 1754; and his commercial probation had therefore been sufficiently protracted.

At this time Boucher and Watteau were in full vogue, and engravings from their pictures still formed his chief models. Gradually he began to try his hand at original design. By-and-by opportunities came to him of seeing pictures at Potsdam and elsewhere; and he made the acquaintance of Antoine Pesne, Meil, Bernhard Rode, and several other contemporary artists. In 1755 he married Jeanne Barez, a gold-embroiderer's daughter, having decided to support himself by miniature painting. At Rode's private life-school—the Berlin Academy not yet having recovered from the disastrous fire of 1742—he was a diligent student; and while in company he

practised himself sedulously, whenever opportunity offered, by sketching groups and single figures. In oil-painting he had as yet made little or no progress. To this latter he consecrated the winter evenings, substituting for daylight a cunningly devised arrangement with a lamp. At length, being more than thirty years of age, he made his first serious attempt at etching. He selected for his subject a certain deformed and ragged Thersites named Nicholas Fonvielle, a broken-down die-sinker and snuff-box engraver, who haunted the gambling tables and diverted the company by his jests. Chodowiecki sketched this oddity furtively; and merely with the object of multiplying copies, transferred his design to copper. Such was the beginning of what proved to be his vocation. The 'Passe-dix' or 'Dicer' ('Der Würfler'), as this plate is called, was followed by others. Many of these were still merely tentative, for he had at this time little experience in the use of his materials, and particularly in the art of biting. Nor until some years later did he seriously think of devoting himself wholly to the needle, but eked out a livelihood by enamel and miniature painting.

A chance circumstance diverted his attention to the line in which he afterwards acquired so wide a reputation. In the year 1762, both in

France and on the Continent generally, the famous Calas *cause célèbre* was attracting considerable interest. Briefly, it amounts to this. A morbid young fellow of nine-and-twenty, named Marc-Antoine Calas, committed suicide in a fit of temporary insanity. By one of those inexplicable popular delusions which have been rightly called 'the madness of crowds,' the public persuaded themselves that he had been murdered by his own father, who was a Protestant, to prevent his turning Roman Catholic. The whole Calas family were in consequence treated with the utmost barbarity; and the old man, after being repeatedly and fruitlessly tortured to induce him to confess, was at length broken on the wheel by sentence of the Parliament of Toulouse. His wife and children were acquitted; but it was not until three years later that, owing to the exertions of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and others, the unrighteous judgment was annulled, and the memory of its hapless victim cleared in the eyes of the world.

Popular interest in the case had been revived by this reversal, when an engraving by Lafosse, after a drawing by the Prince de Condé's reader, Carmontel, found its way to Berlin. Its title was 'La malheureuse Famille Calas,' and it represented the widow and her children receiving

the news of their acquittal. Chodowiecki seems to have been strongly impressed by this print—so much so, that he copied it in oil. It then occurred to him to paint a counterpart; and saturating himself with the literature of the subject, he produced a composition to which he gave the name of 'Les Adieux de Calas, à sa Famille.' The moment selected was that in which the unfortunate father, surrounded by his family, was summoned from prison to the scaffold. It was a moving situation, realized with much genuine pathos; and the picture found so many admirers that the artist was encouraged to etch it upon a large scale. After one partial failure he succeeded; the result being the plate which, in order to distinguish it from the smaller copy afterwards used as a frontispiece to C. F. Weisse's play, 'Der Fanatismus,' is known to collectors as 'Der grosse Calas.'

With 'Der grosse Calas' the course of Chodowiecki's artistic career may be said to have been finally determined. Commissions from booksellers and connoisseurs began to multiply; and he abandoned miniature painting as a profession. Already, in 1764, he had been elected an Associate of the Berlin Academy; in 1769 he was engaged to prepare drawings and etchings for that

illustrious body. Then, by his own choice, he executed for the 'Almanac Généalogique' of 1770 a set of twelve designs to Lessing's 'Minna von Barnhelm.' With these—tiny ovals of little more than two inches by one and a half, set in a simply decorated panel—a new epoch of book-illustration, having Chodowiecki for its prophet, may be said to have been inaugurated in Germany. Henceforth, for the thirty years that remained to him, there is hardly a known name in contemporary literature for whose work his busy needle did not provide embellishment—good, bad, and indifferent. Gellert, Gessner, Goethe, Lavater, Schiller, in his own country; Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Beaumarchais, in France; Goldsmith, Richardson, Sterne, Smollett, in England: for all these, and a host beside, many of whom owed their fugitive vitality to his all-popular inventions, he worked untiringly. It was the hour in Germany of the illustrated calendars (they even wore them attached to their watch-chains!), and the artist of the illustrated calendars was Daniel Chodowiecki.

Having found what Carlyle would have called his 'life-purpose,' Chodowiecki's subsequent history presents little but the unvaried record of his labours. For a long time he was unable to

quit Berlin. But in 1773 he snatched a brief holiday in order to visit his mother in Dantzic, where he had not been for thirty years. His mode of travelling was characteristic. He rode all the way, keeping a copious diary in French (which is still unprinted), and sketching freely *en route*, from his first setting foot to stirrup, all the incidents which could be graphically committed to paper. Often, it is recorded, he might be observed standing, his horse's bridle between his teeth, rapidly transferring to his 'Tagebuch' some object or group which had attracted his attention. These pictorial records, undertaken in the first instance for the delectation of his family, he continued during his stay in Dantzic. The drawings thus prepared, many of which attain the level of finished studies in *genre*, swelled to a collection of 108. They were long in the possession of his descendants, by one of whom they were at length, in 1865, presented to the Berlin Academy, where they now remain. Executed at first in pencil on the spot, and then finished at leisure with pen and brush, they constitute an invaluable 'document,' in the Zola sense, as regards German (or rather Polish) middle-class domestic and social life at the close of the last century. In the first design, you see Chodowiecki in his court-

yard, bidding effusive farewell to wife and weans. In the next, he is pacing forth, sword at side, on his long-tailed, Roman-nosed horse, his voluminous riding-cloak folded in front and his valise strapped *en croupe*. Then man and beast are being punted across the Oder in a wide flat-bottomed ferry-boat. At Pyritz his charger has cast a shoe, and we see it replaced; at Massau we are treated to the humours of the wayside inn, where Chodowiecki and a fellow-traveller, lying on straw like Marjorie Daw, are rudely roused from slumber by a pair of noisy revellers, who execute a minuet in top-boots on the wooden floor to the music of some wandering musicians. Storm overtakes the wayfarer, and he draws it; he comes to grief in a morass by trying a short cut, and he straightway depicts both the accident and the courtyard of the hostelry where he afterwards scrapes the bog-mud from his horse's hoofs. He sketches the poor tramps he passes on the road; he sketches the bandy-legged innkeeper; he sketches that other innkeeper at Wutzkow who tells such blood-curdling stories while the Silesian and his lanky coachman are at supper, and the soldier's wife feeds her child with a spoon. Then you see him riding through the long lime-tree *Allée* of Langfuhr, the Dantzic suburb; then into Dantzic it-

self, where the town guard have turned out to present arms to the Burgermaster in his state coach. Next he has consigned his horse to a livery stable keeper, and is striding down the street to his mother's house in the Heiligengeist-gasse. Presently he draws the house itself, with its front door flanked by the pair of trees, called respectively Gottfried and Daniel, which his father had planted when he and his brother were born. The last two pictures relating to his journey proper show him first greeted by his elder sister Ludovica in the hall, and then embraced by his white-haired, half-blind mother in the tidy schoolroom where the sisters Chodowiecki, who 'kept an academy,' were accustomed to teach their pupils. The pupils, for the moment, are out of the way; but their vacant chairs, high-backed and otherwise (Chodowiecki never tires of drawing chairs!), are duly exhibited, disposed in admirable order. One of the little scholars, herself not wholly undistinguished in after-life, but more illustrious through her greater son, became Johanna Schopenhauer. In her reminiscences she gives a vivid picture (which Dohme quotes at length) of the strange artist sketching the clusters of noisy girls, bribed for a moment into quiescence by gingerbread and raisins. Finally,

he scrawls off a rapid *croquis* of the inquisitive Johanna herself, and bids her take it as a present to her mother.

This last-mentioned sketch naturally forms no part of the collection at the Berlin Academy. But henceforth the drawings illustrate the artist's sojourn in his native town, and consist mainly of interiors and single figures. He copies all the notabilities: the Prince-Bishop, and Madame Œhmken, his fat and witty Intendantin (or '*decent* friend,' as Walpole would have called her), his niece the Countess Podoska, the Waywode Przebendowski, the Burgermaster Conradi, the banker Dirksen, Brunatti the Secretary of Legation, the merchant Rotenberg, Mlle. d'Aubonne (who 'cuts paper' like Mrs. Delany and my Lady Burlington), Mlle. Ledikowska, who comes out of a lighted room on to a dark staircase on purpose to make a pretty picture. He draws all these; and he draws them in their fitting environment: the picturesque sixteenth-century houses, with their balcony, and their *beischlag* encroaching on the roadway; the spacious and carpetless reception-rooms, with their tiled stoves; the sleeping chambers, with their tent beds, their scanty toilet tables, their stiff, inhospitable-looking chairs. One of the most charming of the larger com-

positions shows him taking his mother's portrait in his bedroom (a room which he draws repeatedly). The old lady, in her Sunday cap, sits upright, with her hands in her lap, decorously conscious that she must look her best. Over one chair is Chodowiecki's coat; upon a second lie his hat and saddle-bag. Another capital drawing shows a Treckschutt, or drag-boat, crowded with people upon a pleasure trip, and a timid lady clutching at the artist's arm. But it would take many pages to describe the minutiæ of these attractive designs—to which their simple treatment and scrupulous fidelity of costume and detail lend all the authority of unimpeachable records.[1]

Chodowiecki stayed nine weeks in the 'Nuremberg of the North,' sketching and painting miniatures, fêted industriously by his admiring townsmen, and frequently constrained by hospitality to hear the chimes at midnight. Notwithstanding these distractions, he found time to execute some plates, among others a set for the 'Encomium Moriæ' of Erasmus. After his return to Berlin, where he was at once engaged on commissions

[1] They have been excellently reproduced in facsimile, and at a moderate cost, by Messrs. Amsler and Ruthardt of Berlin, who have prefixed to their collection a hitherto unknown portrait of the artist by J. C. Frisch.

from Lavater, he made a journey to Dresden. His reception here was even more cordial than it had been at Dantzic; and the art opportunities which the Saxon capital afforded almost persuaded him to take up his residence there for good. But his abilities were in such continued demand at Berlin that he found the transfer impracticable. In fact, a few rare absences from home constitute henceforth the only interruption to the persistent labour of his life. After his mother's death, in 1780, he once again went to Dantzic, to fetch his sisters; and in 1781 he travelled to Hamburg to value and catalogue a collection of engravings. Another pleasure trip, with his son-in-law and some friends, took place in 1789, and was duly commemorated in a 'Tagebuch.' He worked almost to the last; and at his death (7th February, 1801) the number of his plates had attained a total of 2,075.

The same ardour which, in Widow Bröllmann's shop, had robbed him of his rest, seems to have accompanied him in his prosperous later life. Often, it is recorded, he would work far into the small hours, lying down in his clothes so as to lose no time when he awoke. 'The day before yesterday,' he says in one of his letters, 'I sat up till between one and two drawing, fell asleep, and

tumbled sideways from my chair upon the ground.' At the end of the sheet a few graphic strokes of the pen depict the catastrophe. Sometimes he did not even go to bed, but dozed in a sitting posture to avoid disarranging his wig; upon other occasions he would tie a string from his alarum round his thumb to ensure his rising at the hour appointed. He spared his body so little, says Professor Weise, that once, when he had the ague, it was not until he was actually seized with shiverings that he could be induced to drop his burin. Naturally this inordinate application affected his health. For the last twenty years of his life he suffered from swollen feet; but nothing checked his industry, or daunted his indomitable spirit. 'Ich bin ein armer Teufel, ich kann nicht mehr marschiren,'—he writes cheerily, quoting the Halle student song. 'The best is that I can forget the weariness and the frequent pain in my work,' he says again, when he is too ill to get up; and he goes on to describe a table which has been fitted above his bed, and upon which table he draws and eats, sleeping under it at night.

Somewhat brusque and hard externally, Chodowiecki's character was of a singularly lovable and attractive type. Always domestic, contented, and

simple in his tastes, in his prosperous days he added to these qualities a ready generosity and a quick sympathy for his less fortunate neighbours. Many stories are told of his charity and benevolence; and his good offices were not confined to presents of money. To his mother he was a most dutiful son, and a kind brother to his sisters. When, in 1781, his brother Gottfried died, he took charge of his widow and her children. After this, it is needless to add that he was also a devoted father, unwearied in care for the well-being of his family. In the famous 'Familienblatt,' or 'Cabinet d'un Peintre,' one of his best plates, which had its origin in his mother's request for a picture of her grandchildren, we see them all grouped about a table. The goodwife, matronly and dignified, is standing, and with a kind caressing gesture touches the cheek of her second daughter Susette; next is the little Henriette, a baby. The elder boy, William, who became an engraver like his father, is busily drawing a prancing horse, watched by his admiring younger brother, Isaac Henry. Opposite these two, Jeannette, the eldest girl (afterwards Madame Papin), who also showed much artistic talent, is turning over a book of engravings. In the corner by the window,—a window where the curtain is tucked back to get

the fullest amount of light, and the little shadows suggest green leaves outside, sits the artist himself, glancing for a moment over his spectacles at the pleasant group, and apparently engaged upon one of his favourite circular vignettes. All his children turned out well. His younger son became a minister; his daughters married happily. Speaking of Jeannette's wedding, he says in one of his letters to a friend, 'It took place in our little garden (in the Behrenstrasse) under the open sky, and the shade of two fine pear-trees, which are still in bloom. Possibly the orthodox would scarcely approve, but it made a pretty picture. Would that you had been here!'

Chodowiecki's position in his craft can be defined with tolerable exactitude. In oil his attempts went little beyond the tentative stage. He had an imperfect knowledge of his vehicle, and he never received any specific instruction. As an enameller and miniature-painter, his successes were greater. His enamels are described as marvels of finish; his miniatures, as full of character and possessing the rare merit of realistic resemblance. It is possible that this is true, since finish and power of characterization are both marked features of his work in other directions. But his best claim to recognition rests upon his efforts as an

etcher or engraver, and designer. Even here, nevertheless, some preliminary reservations must be made. Although he shunned anything like the charge of imitation, his early copying of minute engravings, combined with the lack of positive academic training as a draughtsman, had predisposed him to compositions upon an unusually small scale. Hence, if he ever strayed beyond the 'scanty plot' of a duodecimo or octavo page, his special qualities seem to desert him. 'Der grosse Calas' and the 'Cabinet d'un Peintre' are almost the sole exceptions to this rule; but one reproduced models with whose every gesture he was thoroughly familiar, while the other was copied from a finished painting in oil to which he had given unusual study. The rest of his larger engravings have not these advantages; and in such prints as the 'Wacht-Parade in Potsdam' of Frederick II., in that which represents Duke Leopold of Brunswick going to the rescue of the sufferers by the floods of 1785, in the 'William Tell' of 1781, and in the 'Ziethen Sleeping' of 1800, there is little trace of the keen and delicate Chodowiecki of the calendars. And if he is unsuccessful in these examples, he is still more so in the mythologic-heroic,—that style so happily hit off by Prior:

> 'The nymphs conduct him to the field:
> One holds his sword, and one his shield:
> Mars standing by asserts his quarrel:
> And Fame flies after with a laurel.'

Nor, strange to say, since he is of the race of Holbein and the Little Masters, can he be said to shine in the department of allegory or emblem. To quote an instance, the design for Madame Daum's funeral-sermon—a sarcophagus approached on all sides by persons of different nations and conditions—presents little but the most rudimentary aspect of pictorial symbolism.

His true sphere lies in the representation of contemporary manners in the form of book illustrations, either derived from the text or independent of it; and his work is strongest when he most tenaciously retains his hold upon the every-day world of his experience. Tried by this test, his illustrations to Shakespeare, to Cervantes, to Molière, to Lesage, cannot for a moment compare with the sympathetic series of vignettes which he prepared for Richardson's 'Clarissa,' for the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' for Nicolai's 'Sebaldus Nothanker,' for Amory's 'John Buncle,' for Goldsmith's immortal 'Vicar'—for a hundred other books in which the costumes and accessories were practically those of his own day. But his greatest

triumphs are the designs which may be described as entirely of his own invention, the excellent series of 'Amateurs' ('Liebhaber'), the 'Centifolium Stultorum,' the two 'Proposals of Marriage,' the 'Occupations des Dames,' and the numerous other sets, generally restricted to twelve plates, in which he holds up the mirror to the society of his time—a society quasi-French in its tastes and costumes, deficient in elevation and imagination, but moral, moderate, methodic, domestic—the world of Gessner's 'Idylls' and Gellert's 'Fables'—the world where Hermann met Dorothea, and Charlotte cut bread and butter. 'Plus de héros,' says Lessing somewhere, as quoted by Cherbuliez; 'plus de héros,—je cherche le bourgeois.' Chodowiecki not only sought the bourgeois, but he found what he sought. He is never tired of devising new combinations for exhibiting the daily life of the middle classes—their meetings, greetings, partings, promenades—their eminently respectable and slightly humdrum employments and amusements. Closely allied to these, with their skilful variety of environment and grouping, their countless permutations of gesture and attitude, come his refined and poetized costume pieces, ranging from the bagwigs and hoops and powder of his earlier days to the ring-

leted heads and waistless figures '*à la Grecque*' of 1789 and 1790.

He has been styled the 'Berlin Hogarth.' There is much virtue in the qualifying epithet, and probably Chodowiecki himself would scarcely have courted a comparison. That he was wholly uninfluenced by the great artist whom his own best critic, Lichtenberg, so finely and acutely expounded, is unlikely; and no doubt there are superficial resemblances between them. Both were pictorial moralists, both were delineators of manners, both etched or engraved their own works, both were humorists and satirists. But in the satire of Chodowiecki one seeks in vain for that Juvenalian vigour, that '*sæva indignatio*' of power which one finds in Hogarth; and the German's pictorial raillery rather resembles the milder method of Horace,—such a Horace as one might suppose translated by Voss or Cowper. Moreover, in tragic grip, in imagination, in evolution, he is surely infinitely below Hogarth. On the other hand, he has what Hogarth lacks, a quality of grace, combined with a subtle sense of the *naïveté* of childhood, a refined appreciation of feminine beauty, which Hogarth only rarely shows. His humour, too, always genial and kindly, is unquestionable. Something of this, something also

of the fertility of his invention, and the perspicuity of his compositions, will readily be gathered from any chance assemblage of his works ; but his power of suggesting character in figures of minute dimensions, his wonderful precision of execution and command of his material, can only be studied adequately in carefully chosen impressions. In his life he was freely copied and pirated ; and of late years a cheap set of facsimile reproductions of a certain number of his designs has been published by Messrs. Mitscher and Röstell of Berlin. But the veritable Chodowiecki is Chodowiecki engraved by himself. In the British Museum, in five elephant folios, is a magnificent collection of his plates : for his drawings, which are said to be even more numerous, the student must resort to the Berlin Academy. With Engelmann's excellent catalogue in hand, however, he will find more than enough to delight him in the quiet Print Room at Bloomsbury.

LADY MARY COKE.

WHEN, in Scott's 'Heart of Mid Lothian,' Jeanie Deans, having obtained her sister's pardon, repairs to Argyll House, in order to go northward with the ducal establishment, she is formally presented by John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, to his Duchess and her daughters. The only member of the family who takes any prominent part in the interview is a lively young lady of twelve, who 'chaffs' her noble father about Sheriffmuir with considerable vivacity, and gets her hair pulled for her pains. The young lady referred to grew up to be Lady Mary Coke, a part of whose letters and very curious journal was privately printed not long ago in three bulky volumes. How she looked as a girl, Sir Walter does not tell us; but her portrait at six and thirty by Allan Ramsay, a copy of which is to be found at the beginning of volume the first, gives an excellent idea of what she became in later life.[1] It

[1] The original picture is in the possession of Lord Bute at Mountstuart. There is a fine mezzotint of it by McArdell. From a passage in Lady Mary's 'Journal' for

shows us a graceful figure dressed in a white satin that would have delighted Terburg, and leaning upon such a tall theorbo as you may see in the cases at South Kensington. It is in fact taller than she is herself; and she is not small. On the contrary, she must have been what that eminent connoisseur, Mrs. Colonel James in 'Amelia,' would have described as 'a very fine Person of a Woman.' She has an elegant shape and a beautiful neck and arm, and, in the picture, might very easily pass for a beauty. But her complexion, which in her old age grew cadaverous, was always of a dead white; and the absence of well-defined brows is said to have lent a certain fierceness to her dark eyes. One can, however, conceive that, with her fair hair and stately carriage, she must have looked extremely well in the travelling costume of pea-green and silver in which Horace Walpole met her at Amiens, and with which she subsequently astonished the sober burghers of Nuremberg and Aix.

Until a year or two ago, Lady Mary Coke was little more than a wandering name. Scott's reference to her as a girl, and a few passages in Walpole's 'Letters,' Swinburne's 'Courts of Europe,'

January, 1771, it appears that the prints were sometimes coloured by hand.

and the like, made up the sum of the record. Then, in 1863, was printed privately the admirable account, by Lord Bute's youngest daughter, Lady Louisa Stuart, of John, Duke of Argyll, and his family. Lady Louisa Stuart was one of those writers whose silence is a positive misfortune to the literature of the Memoir. Living to a great age, for she died in 1851 at ninety-four, she had accumulated a store of memories, and she had inspected life with the keenest perceptions and with unusual advantages of position. But like Lord Chesterfield, the Duke of Nivernais, and some others of the *ancien régime*, she had an old-world prejudice against the undignified publicities of type, and her literary performances consist mainly of manuscript statements, prepared for her relatives, concerning persons or occurrences which had come within her cognizance. It was she who wrote the introduction to Lord Wharncliffe's edition of the letters of her grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—an introduction which sparkles with unpublished eighteenth-century anecdote of the most brilliant character, and she contributed many of the more interesting notes to the Selwyn Correspondence. Several epistles from her pen are included in the recently issued edition of Scott's letters; and her account

of the Argylls, which extends to one hundred and twenty pages, and which was drawn up in 1827, has now been once more privately printed by its present owner, the Earl of Home, as a preface to Lady Mary Coke's 'Letters and Journal.' This composition is, we should imagine, Lady Louisa's masterpiece. Although we have it on the authority of Voltaire that 'il ne faut point d'esprit pour s'occuper de vieux évenements,' he would probably have admitted that they were none the worse for some admixture of that 'ingredian,' as Lady Mary Coke spells the word, and of everything that a superabundance of *esprit* can lend to narrative, Lady Louisa's pen has been prodigal. Her sketch of 'Ian Roy,' of his homely duchess, and of his four shrill-voiced daughters, is one of the brightest and pleasantest pieces of writing which it has been our good fortune to read, and it is not too much to say that, in some respects, Lady Louisa could give points even to that inimitable gossip Horace Walpole himself.

Distinguished at once in War and Statecraft,—for was he not Pope's Argyll, born to 'shake alike the Senate and the Field'?—Lady Mary Coke's father had not been equally fortunate in Love. In his green youth he made the old conventional alliance of pedigree and pence with a rich citizen's

daughter for whom he cared but little. The ill-matched pair promptly separated, and the Duke's martial employments left him but scant opportunity for the further cultivation, in favourable circumstances, of what Steele calls the 'Beautiful Sex.' Yet, by a strange chance, no sooner had he retired from active life than he became the object of a respectful and sentimental admiration on the part of one of Queen Caroline's maids of honour. Stranger still, he returned the compliment by what gradually grew into a most durable attachment. Miss Jane Warburton, as the lady was named, was well-born and good-humoured; but she was neither handsome nor clever, and, moreover, was so countrified, ignorant, and awkward as to be 'the standing jest of her companions in office.' Yet the affection with which she inspired 'red John of Argyll' was unmistakable; and his first wife was no sooner under the ground than, very much to the surprise of the Court quidnuncs, he at once proposed to make Jenny Warburton Duchess of Argyll. She obliged him to wait six months, and then became his wife. To the outsider, the union was not one which promised ideal happiness, and yet something very like ideal happiness was achieved. 'To say the Duke of Argyll proved an excellent husband

would be speaking poorly: he remained throughout life a faithful, doating, adoring lover.' These are Lady Louisa Stuart's words; and they are the more significant because this devotion seems to have survived one of the greatest disappointments to which a man in the Duke's position could be subjected, the non-appearance of a son. 'Daughter perversely followed daughter, to the number of five (one dying a child); and his hopes, often renewed, regularly ended in fresh mortification—not the less bitter because Lord Islay [the Duke's brother, with whom he disagreed] was his presumptive heir.' The eldest daughter, Lady Caroline, married the Earl of Dalkeith; the second, Lady Anne, the Earl of Strafford; the third, Lady Elizabeth, her cousin Mr. Stuart Mackenzie; while the fourth became the wife of Lord Leicester's son, and is the Lady Mary Coke of this paper.

Of each of the four sisters Lady Louisa Stuart gives a sufficient account, but the bulk of her memories is naturally devoted to 'that extraordinary person,' the youngest. Lady Mary's childhood seems to have yielded but few anecdotes; and of these the chief, if it is scarcely flattering to her, is far more discreditable to her father. He used, it seems, to amuse himself by putting her 'in

a fury, crying, "Look! look at Mary!" when she flew like a little tigress, screaming, scratching and tearing; then, after laughing heartily, he would finish the improving lesson by coaxing her with sugar-plums to kiss and be friends.' Under such an educational system, it is perhaps scarcely to be wondered that she grew up with the reputation of being self-willed and unmanageable; and there is in truth every evidence that—to misuse a phrase of Herrick—she was a distinctly 'tempestuous petticoat.' In general ability she was in advance of her sisters; and, in a hard unsympathetic way, made certain pretensions to what would now be called culture. Her personal attractions, as already implied, were considerable, though she was not as beautiful as Lady Strafford. With many definite good qualities, as sincerity, honour, good nature, and some measure of generosity, 'her understanding [in the uncompromising words of her biographer] lay smothered under so much pride, self-conceit, prejudice, obstinacy, and violence of temper, that you knew not where to look for it, and seldom indeed did you catch such a distinct view of it as certified its existence.' This is a sweeping indictment, to which it is further added that 'nothing ever happened to her after the fashion of ordinary life.' Her friendships, her experiences,

her ailments, her estrangements, her emotions, her misfortunes, real and fictitious, had all this peculiarity—they were unprecedented and unique. Such a disposition and endowments foreshadow remarkable developments. In a humbler condition of life these would probably have been of a sensational kind; and, in a modified form, they were not wanting even to this exalted person of quality.

In 1743 the Duke of Argyll died of paralysis, leaving his youngest daughter still unmarried. To the fact that he also left her £20,000 must no doubt be attributed the speedy appearance of an applicant for her hand in the person of Viscount Coke, the Earl of Leicester's son. Neither son nor father bore remarkably good characters. But Lord Coke contrived to conciliate the scruples of the Duchess, and Lady Mary clenched the question by announcing authoritatively that she was prepared to accept him. Having gone so far, however, by a sudden caprice she changed her tactics, and throughout the prolonged engagement that followed, proceeded to subject her admirer to all the disdain and aversion with which the 'scornful ladies' of Restoration comedy are wont to discipline their lovers. As she was too good a match to be surrendered lightly to any matrimonial 'gentleman of the road,' Lord Coke managed to dissemble his

indignation at this treatment. But being, on his side, as unscrupulous as he was proud, he waited until the marriage-knot had been securely tied, and then insultingly left his wife at the church door to her maiden reflections. Lady Mary, transformed by this *coup de Jarnac* from a 'scornful lady' to a 'woman scorned,' and being moreover a person of decision, promptly retaliated by obstinately maintaining the position by which it had only been intended to punish her for a time. To the dismay of her friends and father-in-law, she persisted in continuing a wife only in name; and her husband, nothing loth, went back to his bachelor distractions. Then the dread of losing an heir to the succession converted Lord Leicester into a tyrant, and, on both sides, family feeling became embittered. Sympathizing relatives swelled the contention, Lady Mary posing as an injured martyr, Lord Leicester and her husband cajoling and threatening by turns. Finally, after she had been practically imprisoned at Holkham for six months, Lord Coke was summoned to produce her before the King's Bench, where she at once swore the peace against him, and, upon the ground of ill-usage, instituted a suit for divorce. This, for obscure reasons, among which must be reckoned her own palpable exaggeration of her wrongs, fell

through, but she was eventually permitted to live with her mother unmolested, until at last, and luckily not very long after, Lord Coke's excesses solved her difficulties, by making her a widow at six and twenty.

When—quitting the mourning which, being a person of the nicest possible decorum, she wore punctiliously for her departed lord—Lady Mary re-entered society, it was not without a certain *prestige*. By many, who accepted her own version of the circumstances, she was genuinely pitied, and there is always an element of interest attaching to a young and high-born widow, especially when she is mistress of an income which, in these days, would amount to about £5,000 per annum. But Love, said those who knew her best, had absolutely no place in Lady Mary Coke's composition; and, although she had other admirers, none of them ever developed into a husband. At thirty it was supposed that she might marry that cynosure of so many eighteenth-century ladies of quality, Lord March (afterwards the notorious 'Old Q.'), but his lordship, if ever in earnest, appears to have speedily cried off, and in truth his openly profligate life offered but doubtful assurance of domestic happiness. After this, Lady Mary deliberately followed her own inclination,

which was to connect herself directly or indirectly with the Court. She managed to establish close friendly relations both with George II.'s daughter, Princess Amelia, and with his mistress, Lady Yarmouth. She even professed to have a *tendre* for one of those 'good-humoured asses,' as their aunt called them, the Royal dukes, choosing for her special adoration that chattering and 'mealy-faced boy' of twenty, Edward, Duke of York, who to his other qualities added that of being a notorious flirt and *farceur*. The attachment, on the lady's side of the most high-flown and super-fine description, afforded great amusement to the Royal Family, and also, it is hinted, to the 'object' himself, by whom it seems to have been regarded as an excellent joke. Letters, however, frequently passed between the pair, in one of which the Prince paid Lady Mary the compliment of comparing her to Queen Elizabeth, a simile not perhaps very lover-like, but singularly palatable to the person addressed. She, no doubt, fully believed herself destined to the good fortune of Lady Waldegrave and Mrs. Horton; and her claims of birth were certainly infinitely superior. All these day-dreams, however, were rudely dispersed by the Prince's premature departure from this world—a catastrophe which furnished Lady

Mary with a lifelong grievance, to which, in a few years, was added the supplementary mortifications of the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland and the avowal of the long-concealed union of the Duke of Gloucester.

His Royal Highness Edward, Duke of York, died at Monaco in 1767. His decease, besides becoming to Lady Mary what Sir Thomas Browne calls 'a melancholy *Utinam*,' is also a convenient landmark in her career, and it was succeeded shortly afterwards by the death of the Duchess her mother, whose health had long been failing. By this time Lady Mary was a woman of forty; and, with the exception of some not very definite advances from Lord Bessborough, it does not appear that any further attempts were made to induce her to change her condition, or to imperil her fidelity to the memory 'of the PERSON who is gone'—a figure of speech by which Prince Edward, with more or less garniture of grief, continues for some time to be designated in her 'Journal.' This she began to keep in August, 1766, not long before the Prince's death, and she went on keeping it for twenty-five years, or until 1791. At her death the MS. became the property of her niece, Lady Frances Scott. From Lady Frances Scott it passed to

that lady's nephew, Lord Montagu; and from Lord Montagu to his grandson, the Earl of Home, by whom three volumes have already been printed. These three volumes come down to December, 1771, and it is contemplated, says the Introduction, to extend the reprint to 1774. One of the objects in view having been the preservation of the MS., it is reproduced without abridgment, a course which, though absolutely justifiable in a private issue, is naturally not entirely to its advantage as a composition, since to say that it is uniformly interesting would be to praise it too generously. To a thoroughly popular chronicle of this kind, incident, character-painting, description, or anecdote are as a rule indispensable; and in no one of these requirements can Lady Mary be described as highly gifted. She was truthful, and, although her bias was to details rather than essentials, she desired to be accurate; but her mind, eminently matter-of-fact and methodical, was of too buckram a cast for genuine enthusiasm, while her literary equipment, certain stock-taking attributes excepted, was of the slightest. Writing, moreover, not—like Horace Walpole—to a wholly uninformed friend in a foreign land, but to her sisters, Lady Dalkeith and Lady Strafford, she naturally dwells little upon the aspect of

things which were familiar to her correspondents, and most of her picturesque passages—such as they are—occur in her despatches from abroad. Nevertheless, her 'Journal,' when all deductions are made, contains many minute details of court and social life in the second half of the last century which cannot safely be neglected by the future editors of its literature.

In politics, although she numbered among her acquaintances that ardent politician and duplicate of her brother, Miss Anne Pitt, Lady Mary seems to have taken but slender interest. She goes on one occasion to a debate in the Commons, but she says little notable about it beyond the fact that Elizabeth Neale (Mason's 'Patriot Betty'), the fruit-woman of St. James's Street, was also present, and that Lord John Cavendish spoke 'with a moderation, candour, & politeness, as is seldom practiced in that House.' She also heard Burke, who 'talked chiefly to the passions,' and was followed by Lord Clare (of Goldsmith's 'Haunch of Venison'), who, unlike Lord John Cavendish, was disrespectful enough to style the preceding orator 'a rain-bow' that 'had brilliant colours, but nothing else; alluding [says Lady Mary] to his flow of eloquence, without speaking much to the argument, which, on this occasion,

was just enough.' To a literary taste—it has already been observed—Lady Mary made definite claims. 'We had some conversation upon Books,' she writes, speaking of Lady Charlotte Finch. 'She recommended two to me upon religious subjects, I shall send for them to Morrow. I have laid out in books since I came to Town above fifty Pounds.' Fifty Pounds was certainly more than she spent on her new Sedan Chair, which cost £32 11*s.* But it is probable, nevertheless, that her reading was more a duty than a pleasure; and although one is indisposed to take sides with her unworshipful husband, it is difficult not to believe that when (with needless brutality) he doubted her ability to comprehend 'Locke on the Understanding,' he was not far wrong. To judge from her comments, she seems to read, as some folks travel, in order to say she has done so; and she seldom records anything to show that she has otherwise profited by the labour. She goes through Swift's wonderful 'Journal' without—so to speak—a single note of admiration—nothing but a curt and conventional it 'entertained me very much.' 'Measure for Measure' she likes more than 'twellfth night'; Voltaire's History is 'very partial'; Mrs. Macaulay's is 'very prejudiced'; Barrow 'Upon Content-

ment' suits her case;—of all which one may say with Ben Jonson—''Faith these are politic notes!' The only work upon which she offers anything resembling an intelligent opinion is Horace Walpole's 'Historic Doubts on Richard the Third.' ''Twas (she says) about four hours reading [this is a characteristic touch!]; the style and Language admirable, as everything that he writes is, but he has not made it appear (at least to me) that Richard was innocent of many of the crimes laid to his charge by former Historians.' And if there is little sign of any real enthusiasm about Letters, there is still less of what sometimes accompanies even very moderate manifestations of that enthusiasm—a curiosity about authors. It was the age of Gray, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Johnson,[1] and yet

[1] Under date of Friday, 18 March, 1768, the death of Sterne (two volumes of whose sermons had been presented to Lady Mary by the PERSON) is thus referred to: 'L[d] Ossory told Us that the famous Dr. Sterne dyed that Morning; he seem'd to lament him very much. L[d] Eglington said (but not in a ludicrous manner) that he had taken his "Sentimental Journey."' Lord Ossory was one of the guests at *Fish* Crawford's dinner in Clifford Street, whence the footman John Macdonald was despatched to Sterne's lodgings, 'at the silk bag shop in Old Bond Street,' to inquire how he did. Macdonald saw him die.

the literary personages (Walpole excepted) with whom she actually comes into communication are the smallest of luminaries—Mr. Mason, Miss Elizabeth Carter, and so forth. Hume is a prominent exception. But Hume was 'in society'; he had been a Secretary of Legation, and he was an Under Secretary of State. She met him at Park Place, General Conway's house near Henley, and she has several entries about him. 'Mr. Hume does not like Shakespear,' she says. 'Wou'd you have thought it possible that a Man of Genius shou'd not be able to discover the Beauties of that admirable Writer?'[1] 'He has a violent stomach,' she says again, speaking of his excellent appetite for venison. On a wet Sunday she engages him in a serious discussion. 'You know Mr. Hume is a great Infidel: 'tis the only thing I dislike in him. I have had some con-

[1] Speaking of Shakespeare in the 'History' (Appendix No. IV.), Hume himself amply confirms Lady Mary: 'Nervous and picturesque expressions as well as descriptions abound in him [Shakespeare], but it is in vain we look either for purity or simplicity of diction. His total ignorance of all theatrical art and conduct, however material a defect, yet, as it affects the spectator rather than the reader, we can more easily excuse, than that want of taste which often prevails in his productions, and which gives way only by intervals to the irradiations of genius.'

versation with him, but I have no hopes of converting him from his erroneous way of thinking.' After this, the record goes on to relate that she went to Church (being the only one of the party that did so), and got a new hat and gloves spoiled by the rain because the chaise could not enter the Church yard. 'The Sermon was not worth it, & the prayers I might have read at home.'

Lady Mary's mention of Mr. Hume's appetite is not by any means her sole reference to eating. On the contrary, she is unusually explicit as to what she likes, and what disagrees with her. With neither of these themes need we linger. But a dinner at Lady Blandford's, on which she pauses to comment, deserves mention for its suggestion of those confused and copious entertainments which so much astonished Thackeray in Swift's 'Polite Conversation.' 'I never saw her have a worse dinner,' writes the diarist: 'a great round of boiled beef, little mutton pyes, beans & bacon, Mackerel without fennel sauce. The second course, a neck of Lamb, a gooseberry pye, & two other little things, not meat. . . . Boiled beef is a good thing, but a dish I seldom eat, & little mutton pyes are too savory for me, beans I hate, & mackerel without fennel sauce I can't eat; judge then if I made a good dinner.' For some

of these gastronomic records, especially from abroad, one has no doubt to thank the curiosity of her sisters. 'You see I obey your orders in mentioning what I eat,' she writes from France, '& I shall certainly take notice of all the birds, beast, & fish peculiar to the Country.' But there is one pleasure of the table of which her record is apparently involuntary, and that is play. Whist or Loo (which she spells Lu[1]), tredrille or quadrille, ombre or lansquenet, the traces are everywhere; and yet she does not seem to have been, like Miss Pelham for instance, an inveterate card-player. Here, chosen almost at random, is a sequence of days. *Thursday.* 'The Duchess of Richmond, Ly Sondes, &c., play'd till near twelve O'clock; I lost fifty guineas.' *Friday.* 'The Party lasted till near eleven O'clock; I won four guineas.' *Saturday.* 'I won thirteen guineas.' *Sunday.* 'I play'd at Quadrille with Madame de Viry, &c.' [No money transactions recorded.] *Sunday* [a week later]. 'At eight O'clock I went to M^rs^. Harris, & lost five & twenty guineas at Lu.' And so forth, on almost every page. One can

[1] 'I observe (she says) I spell the game of Lu differently to every body else, but I believe I am right, as I copy Mr. Pope, who wrote it in the same manner: I refer you to the rape of the Lock' [canto iii., l. 62].

imagine how heartily honest Parson Adams would have groaned over these deplorable evidences of fashionable folly. Sometimes they have an unexpected postscript, such as 'Read three Chapters in the Revelations,' or 'Read a little in the bible & went to bed.' Another passage refers to the supposed efficacy of the carp bone (the palate) in bringing luck at cards. 'The carp bones are intolerable: in the evening I lost eight & twenty guineas at Ly Hertford's: I have thrown one [*i.e.* a carp bone] in the fire, but whether 'tis yours or Mrs. Jackson's I can't tell.' Six years later, nevertheless, she is still in bondage to the same fetish: 'I lost fifteen guineas tho' the carp bone lay upon the table; but I fear the Princess [Amelia] has taken away the virtue, for she unfolded the paper, took it out, and called it an old tooth, which diverted the company more than it did me, for from that time I lost. At cards I am superstitious, & as it is only at play 'tis pardonable.'

Many of the entries in the 'Journal' closely resemble those of Addison's 'Fine Lady' in the 'Spectator.' 'From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup'—says the fictitious Clarinda. 'Dined at home. In the evening made several visits. Called on Ly Frances: her

dog tore one of my laced ruffles'—says the actual Lady Mary; and it must be confessed that the main texture of her record is of a like material. Its warp is gossip, and scandal is its woof. Here and there, indeed, and especially when she is thinking of 'the PERSON that is gone,' her reflections take an unusually Gummidge-like turn. For example, 'I was not born to be happy, & the same ill fortune that attended me early in life pursues me still.' 'Mr. Pope or somebody else said in their letters that the Unfortunate were of all others most unfit to be alone, yet the World generally took care they shou'd be so: this observation I have experienced to be true, for tho' within the little distance of two miles & a half from Town [she was at Notting Hill], 'tis very seldom that any body ever comes to me.' 'The World little knows the variety of sorrows that has attended my life, as I have industriously kept many things a secret.' 'I went to Church at the Usual time, & was much pleased with the Sermon; the text was "it is good for me that I have been Afflicted." 'Twas a very fine discourse, & very reasonable; tho' under the immediate pressure of adverse fortune, one cannot find the good of suffering. I submit most Humbly to the Will of God in all those sorrows & disappointments that

has attended my Life, but what benefit is likely to arise from my present misery I am yet to learn.' This note is at its highest after the Duke's death; but as time goes on, its manifestations are more or less sporadic, and even at its worst she is able to turn easily to such sublunary matters as a marriage, a separation, or a possible christening. The latest story about Fanny Pelham or Lady Sarah Bunbury, the latest tittle-tattle about the Duchess of Grafton or Lady Bolingbroke, the latest scandal about Miss Chudleigh or Lady Grosvenor and the Duke of Cumberland—all or any of these are sufficient to divert her at once from the details of her own misfortunes. With one confessed characteristic of her style it is impossible not to agree. 'I am not florid in my discriptions,' she says of a fête at Syon House; and it is true that it would be difficult to select from her pages any of those graphic passages which, in Walpole, lie everywhere on the surface. This is abundantly evident when, as is sometimes the case, the records of each treat of the same event, and the different methods of the writers can be contrasted. In the month of July, 1770, they both accompanied the Princess Amelia, at her request, to Lord Temple's house at Stowe in Buckingham, where they stayed five days. Lady Mary gives a daily register of the

proceedings, dates and hours of arrival and departure, state of the weather, occupations, amusements, and (though she does not describe it) dwells particularly on the Roman Arch which Lord Temple had erected in H.R.H.'s honour. 'I think L^d^ Strafford w^d^ like it, & I am sure he would be pleased with the Scene from it as it is the most beautiful I ever saw.' 'The Princess visits her Arch two or three times in the day.' . . . 'I forgot to tell you that after dinner the Coffee was order'd at the Princess's Arch, Apollo with the nine muses are placed on each side of it. While they drank their Coffee, I observed Apollo held a paper in his hand, but not being able to reach it, I desired L^d^ Temple's assistance, who with some difficulty took it from the hand of Apollo: a copy of which I enclose in this Journal [it is not there printed]. Mr. Walpole is the Author. I'm sure you'll think them [the verses] pretty.'

In a letter to George Montagu, Walpole tells the same story. With a stroke or two he hits off the whole party, touches lightly on the famous associations of the place, scoffs at the elderly valetudinarians (himself included) who are playing at pastoral, and supping in a grotto, 'which (he says) is as proper to this climate as a sea-coal fire

would be in the dog-days at Tivoli,' and finally comes to Lady Mary's *pièce de résistance*, the Roman Arch, of which she certainly gives 'no florid discription,' as it is impossible from her account to conceive what it is like. But in Walpole it stands before us like the stonework of Piranesi, framing a landscape by Wilson. 'The chief entertainment of the week, at least what was so to the Princess, is an arch, which Lord Temple has erected to her honour in the most enchanting of all picturesque scenes. It is inscribed on one side, "AMELIÆ SOPHIÆ, AUG.", and has a medallion of her on the other. It is placed on an eminence at the top of the Elysian fields [a part of the Stowe Gardens], in a grove of orange-trees. You come to it on a sudden, and are startled with delight on looking through it: you at once see, through a glade, the river winding at the bottom; from which a thicket rises, arched over with trees, but opened, and discovering a hillock full of haycocks, beyond which in front is the Palladian bridge [another feature of the Gardens], and again over that a larger hill crowned with the castle. It is a tall landscape framed by the arch and the over-bowering trees, and comprehending more beauties of light, shade, and buildings, than any picture of Albano I ever saw.' Mr. Walpole goes

to confirm Lady Mary by saying that 'between the flattery and the prospect the Princess was really in Elysium: she visited her arch four or five times every day, and could not satiate herself with it.' And then he copies for Mr. Montagu the lines which Lady Mary claims to have first detected in the grasp of Apollo:

'T'other day, with a beautiful frown on her brow,
To the rest of the gods said the Venus of Stowe,
"What a fuss is here made with that arch just erected,
How *our* temples are slighted, *our* altars neglected!
Since yon Nymph has appear'd, *we* are noticed no more,
All resort to *her* shrine, all *her* presence adore;
And what's more provoking, before all our faces,
Temple thither has drawn both the Muses and Graces."
"Keep your temper, dear child," Phœbus cried with a smile,
"Nor this happy, this amiable festival spoil.
Can your shrine any longer with garlands be dress'd?—
When a true goddess reigns, all the false are suppressed."'

It is time, however, to turn from the unprofitable expanse of Lady Mary's town life to those continental tours which are its oases. In 1767 she had already visited the Continent. In the October of 1769 she again set out for Aix in Provence, passing by Geneva, from which place she visited Voltaire at Ferney. He received her with great

urbanity, 'in a flowered silk waistcoat & night gown, a dark periwig without powder, slippers, & a cap in his hand.' Although seventy-six years of age, he insisted upon escorting her over his garden; and he showed her the ivory box, turned by the Empress's own hand, which had been presented to him by Catherine II. of Russia. 'I told him (says Lady Mary) I thought it the best action of her life, confessing I was no admirer of that great Lady's, but that I thought her perfectly in the right to endeavour to make him her friend; He smiled but made no answer.' 'He has lately publish'd "Siecle de Louis 15" (she goes on), which I am now reading.' At Avignon she visits the Tomb of Laura in the Church of the Cordeliers, afterwards destroyed in the Revolution; at Aix, where she winters, she makes the acquaintance of M. de Vence, grandson of Madame de Sévigné's granddaughter Julie de Simiane, whose house and family portraits he is good enough to exhibit to her, together with a number of books containing Madame de Sévigné's manuscript notes. A day or two afterwards she pays a visit of ceremony to the Duc de Villars, Governor of Provence and son of Louis XIV.'s famous Marshal. Her little sketch of this specimen of the great French *noblesse* almost attains the

proportions of a costume piece. 'Madame de Montauban went with me: he received Us in his Bed Chamber which is hung with a two Colour'd velvet; the Bed the same, with glasses, tables, Clocks, & many other ornamented pieces of furniture: his dress more studied then you can imagine, for tho' the Duke is turn'd seventy, he has more attention to his appearance then many people in the prime of life; he wears the order of the Golden fleece in very fine diamonds, & his waistcoat is only button'd at the bottom, that the magnificence of his lace may not be conceal'd, which from time to time he sets to rights, perhaps to have it the more taken notice of: the buttons to his Shirt being very fine diamonds are likewise adjusted very often, probably for the same purpose: he is in his person taller & thinner then almost any person I ever saw, which, notwithstanding the many ornaments, gives an air of awkwardness to his figure: he wears a little rouge & red heels to his shoes. . . . He is perfectly good humour'd & polite, excessively Charitable, & does a great deal of good in this Country.'

Later on, Lady Mary makes a pilgrimage to the 'fontaine de Vaucluse,' concerning which she has only to record that she dined upon 'some excellent fish taken out of the water that flows from

the Fontaine.' She then passes on to Nismes, whence she visits the Chateau de Grignan which, at that date, belonged to the Maréchal Comte du Muy. Her enthusiasm for Madame de Sévigné, though probably contracted at second hand from Horace Walpole, has a more genuine air than most of her raptures. '*Me Voici enfin dans cet Magnifique Chateau*,' records the 'Journal' for Monday, March 12, 1770. 'I have not been sensible of so much pleasure for a very long time as I was when I came in sight of this Castle, at my entrance into it, & with the thoughts of passing the remainder of the day, and lodging here at night. I have walk'd over every room, & have already visited the Apartment of Madame de Sévigné three times.' [She sends for the 'oldest inhabitant,' who gives her his recollections, points out where Madame de Sévigné's coffin was placed, recounts the grief of her daughter Madame de Grignan, who could not even endure to hear the bells ring for her mother's death, and so forth.] 'I am so proud of my present habitation that I am inclined to set up all night to write letters, in order to date them from hence. I am now setting in a great apartment not within hearing of a human being, nor is there anybody to lie upon the same floor. There are five Apartments as

large as this: numbers in the floor above, & the great Gallery mention'd in Madame de Sévigné's letters is below, even with the terrace, which is the finest I ever saw, much finer then that at Windsor Castle. My imagination is so totally imploy'd about Madame de Sévigné that I am persuaded by and by I shall think She appears to me: every noise I hear I expect to see the door open. . . . You cannot imagine with what reluctance I left. . . . Upon a heath not very far from Grignan I gather'd some cones of pines which I shall sow on my return to England in hopes of seeing something to put me in mind of that Charming place.'

In 1770 Lady Mary again quitted England for the Continent. Although she had liked Aix, for some unexplained reason she did not return there, but set her wings for Vienna. 'I have always wished to see the Empress (she says), & cannot take a better time then this Autumn to put that project in execution.' Accordingly she set out, in a travelling coach she had bought from Lady Holland, and made her way *viâ* Dover and Calais to Brussels. At Nuremberg, the famous pea-green and silver costume caused her to be 'mobed,' an occurrence which, to use her favourite expression, must have somewhat 'hurried

her spirits.' Then, embarking at Ratisbon, she went down the Danube to Vienna. At Vienna she had many aristocratic friends, Prince Kaunitz-Rietberg, the Prime Minister, Lord Stormont, the British Envoy, Count Seilern, who had been Ambassador in England, and others; and it was not long before she received the Empress's order to attend her. Here is her description of Maria Theresa at fifty-three. 'The door of the outward room open'd & the Empress came in. L^d^ Strafford saw her in her great beauty; but that, the small pox & a great increase of fat, has deprived her off; for every body here affirms that till She had the small pox [in 1767] She was extremely handsome. What remains I shall mention; She is about my height, & tho' very fat not at all incumber'd with it, a genteel slope, holds herself extremely well, & her air the most Noble I ever saw: 'tis still visible her features have been extremely fine and regular, tho' the swelling from the small pox never quite gone down & a little degree of redness remaining: more spirit and sense in her eyes then I think I ever saw, & the most pleasing voice in speaking. This is the most exact picture that can be drawn. She was very gracious & presented the Emperor & the Arch Dukes herself.' Of the Austrian

Court and its decorums, of its *parfilage*[1] and its card-parties, Lady Mary has much to say. But her most picturesque description, perhaps because it best lends itself to the touch of the Court Circular in her style, is the famous *Course de Traineaux*, or Procession of Sleighs, which she was lucky enough to witness in February, 1771. 'There were eight and twenty *Traineaus*, & two footmen, belonging to each Gentleman who guided the traineau, on horseback in rich liveries. The Emperor had eight & twenty; but all these preceeded the traineaus, for each Lady had two running footmen in rich dresses that run on each side. At twelve o'clock it began. A Traineau with eight Trumpeters & one Kettle Drummer came first, then eighteen equerries in a uniform of red & gold preceeded the Emperor's Traineau, which was extremely carved & gilt all over: the seat, where the Arch Duchess sat, crimson velvet laced & fringed with gold; her dress crimson velvet trimed with gold & sable, the body with

[1] This, a popular feminine occupation *circa* 1770-80, consisted in pulling out the gold and silver threads from cast-off lace, epaulets, tassels, etc., which threads were afterwards sold. 'All the Ladys who don't play at cards (says Lady Mary) pick gold: 'tis the most general fashion I ever saw: they all carry their bags in their pockets.'

diamonds & her head covered with diamonds. The Emperor, who guided the traineau, was dressed the same as the Arch Duchess, crimson velvet laced all over with gold, lined with sable; his hair tyd with a white ribbon, & a hat with white feathers in the hat & three standing upright, with the button &c. in diamonds; a broad white ribbon across his shoulders to fasten his muff: four running footmen, two on each side, in crimson velvet dresses lac'd all over with gold, the Horse with white plumes of feathers all up his neck & upon his head, the furniture which cover'd all his body, crimson velvet imbroider'd all over with gold. The next Traineau was Prince Albert de Saxe & the Arch Duchess Elizabeth, in all respects like the Emperor's, only that he had but two running footmen, & I think his hat was more covered with diamonds then the Emperor's.' [This completes the Imperial Family, and justifies abridgment.] ''Tis to no purpose to describe them all; in general the Lady's & the Gentleman's dress who guided the Traineau were the same colour, which had a very good effect. All the Gentlemen had diamonds in their hats, & those ladies who were dressed in blue velvet & gold, had ermine instead of sable, & the gentlemen's coats & muffs ermine

also. The Ladys' dresses all came down to their wrists & up to their throats. It lasted two hours.'

Another of the scenes at which Lady Mary assisted was a ceremonial which has been commemorated by the brush of Wilkie[1]—the ancient and still-enduring rite of the *Fusswaschung* on Holy Thursday. 'Twas perform'd (she says) in the great room where the Empress sees Company, where there are too tables, one for twelve old men served by the Emperor & the Arch Dukes; the other for twelve old Women served by the Empress & the Arch Duchesses; all dressed in the great dress with the addition of a black veil. I never saw the Empress look so Gracefull. She charmed me more to-day then ever: all the Ladys of the Court attended in black veils also. The Empress stood opposite the three first old Women, placed all the dishes & took them off; but with a grace that is not to be discribed: her manner of holding the napkin was so genteel that

[1] Wilkie painted two pictures on this subject—one in 1827, 'A Roman Princess [the Princess Doria] washing the Pilgrims' Feet,' and the other in 1829, 'Cardinals, Priests, and Roman Citizens washing the Pilgrims' Feet.' George IV. bought the former; the latter was purchased by Sir Willoughby Gordon.

I cou'd have look'd at her for ever, & if you had heard her talk to those three old Women you wd have been delighted. When I came up to the table She said, "One of my oldest acquaintance is not here: She was taken ill this morning in the Church. She had come here from the time of my Grand Father the Emperor Leopold." She afterwards did me the honour to tell me that She was not now able to perform the rest of the function: She said her breath wou'd not permit her, but added, "My Daughter will do it." She then said: "but you shou'd see the Emperor perform the ceremony." . . . Accordingly we went to the other side, where the Emperor was serving the twelve old Men, but I remark'd he did not talk to them as the Empress did to the old Women. . . . I return'd again to the Empress who was placing the second course upon the table. When She had taken it off, the table was removed & She sat down upon a stool. The Ladys of the Court pulled off the shoes & stockings of the old Women, & one of the Chamberlains brought a great gilt dish & another held a ewer with water. The eldest Arch Duchess then kneel'd down, wash'd, & kissed the feet of each old Woman going from one to the other upon her knees, for She is not to rise till She has perform'd

it all. When She has finish'd She gets up & is presented by one of the Ladys of the Court with a ribbon to which hangs a purse, which she puts over the head of each old Woman. The Emperor does the same by the Men; they then all came to the Empress who rose up & retired.' Shortly after this, Lady Mary left Vienna, with the unusual distinction of having been embraced by Maria Theresa at a private audience, and presented with a keepsake in the shape of 'a fine medallion set with jewels.' At Paris, on the way home, she visited Madame Geoffrin, Madame du Deffand and Madame de Boufflers; and she had a brief interview with Marie Antoinette, whom she afterwards saw at the Review of the French and Suisse Guards, to which the Dauphiness came with the Princess de Lamballe in a gorgeous Glass Coach with eight white Horses.

The success of Lady Mary's visit to the Court of Vienna, coupled perhaps with a certain coolness on her part to the Court of St. James, arising as much from its heartless disregard of her pretensions in respect of 'the PERSON who is gone' as from her own sense of the reprehensible conduct of the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, induced her before the year was out to visit the Austrian capital once more. She was again received with

cordiality; but a third expedition in 1773 was unhappily a mistake. She had the misfortune to become involved in some Court feud and fell into discredit with the Empress. Discredit with the Court naturally followed, and she ultimately left Vienna with the fixed idea that Maria Theresa had condescended to become her enemy, and that, as usual, she was a deeply injured woman. Unluckily, this, as time went on, was not her only mishap of the kind. She contrived to embroil herself hopelessly with the good-humoured Princess Amelia, whom she forced to give her her *congé*; and she alienated even her faithful admirer, Horace Walpole, who had rallied her vagaries with admirable *bonhomie*, had dedicated to her the second edition of his 'Castle of Otranto,' and had made her the recipient of five-and-twenty most charmingly playful letters, the majority of which, until 1892, remained unprinted among the papers of the late Mr. Drummond Moray of Abercairny. But though she lost her friends and her beauty, she lost none of her peculiarities, which, with the march of years, became even more pronounced and more complicated. She lingered into the second decade of the present century, an old, lonely, unhappy woman, dying at last in a dull little villa at Chiswick, long since absorbed in the

grounds of Chiswick House. Fantastic to the end, she is reported to have insisted on quitting this vale of tears 'with a high-crowned beaver hat upon her head.'

RANELAGH.

THE pleasure-loving 'prentice of the last century when, in Chepe or Fleet, he put up his shutters, and put on his sword, can seldom have been at a loss for amusement. Not only had every inn on the outskirts of the sign-haunted City its skittle-ground, or bowling-green, or nine-pin alley, where he might doff his tarnished gala-dress, perch his scratch wig upon a post (as he does in Mr. Edwin Abbey's charming pictures), and cultivate to his heart's content the mysteries of managing a bowl with one hand and a long 'churchwarden' with the other, but nearly every village within a mile or two of Paul's boasted its famous summer garden, presenting its peculiar and specific programme of diversions—diversions which included the enviable distinction of rubbing elbows with the quality, and snatching, for a space, the fearful joy of 'Bon Ton.' At Pentonville there was the White Conduit House, upon whose celebrated cakes and cream Dr. Oliver Goldsmith had once the misfortune of entertaining a party of ladies, and of then finding himself—like

Señor Patricio in Le Sage—without the wherewithal to pay the reckoning; at Islington there was Sadler's Wells, where you might not only genteelly discuss the 'killibeate' (as Mr. Weller's friend called it), but regale yourself with the supplementary and gratuitous recreation of 'balance-masters, walking on the wire, rope-dancing, tumbling, and pantomime entertainments.' At Bagnigge Wells, in what is now the King's Cross Road, you might, after being received at the Assembly Room by a dignified Master of the Ceremonies with a Cocked Hat, enjoy, to the sound of an organ, the refreshment (with gilt spoons) of tea, which would be handed to you by a page with a kettle, like Pompey in the second plate of Hogarth's 'Harlot's Progress'; at Cuper's (*vulgo* 'Cupid's') Gardens, on the Surrey side of the water over-against Somerset House, you might witness the noted fireworks, listen to Mr. Jones, his harp-playing, and assist at various other amusements, some of which, it is to be feared, were more suited to Thomas Idle than to Francis Goodchild. Then—as time-honoured as any, since they dated from Pepys and the Restoration, and survived until Chatterton could write their burlettas—there were, at the bottom of Harley Street, the renowned Gardens of Marybone, which,

in addition to the pyrotechnic displays of Caillot and Torré,[1] and the privilege of having your pockets emptied by the illustrious George Barrington or some equally quick-handed artist, offered the exceptional attractions of 'fine Epping butter,' 'Almond Cheesecakes,' and 'Tarts of a Twelve-penny size,' made by no less a personage than the sister of Dr. Trusler, author of that popular didactic work, the 'Blossoms of Morality.' All of these, however, were but the shadows of the two greater rallying-places, Vauxhall and Ranelagh, both of which were on the Thames. Of Vauxhall, with its hundreds of lamps, its Grove, its Gothic Orchestra, and its statue of Handel, a sufficient account has already been given in an earlier ingathering of these papers.[2] It is of the more fashionable, but not more frequented Ranelagh that it is now proposed to speak.

To Ranelagh, as to Vauxhall, the pleasantest approach was by water. If you walked, the old

[1] According to J. T. Smith, Torré was also a print-seller in the Haymarket. Johnson used him for his unjust depreciation of Gray, whom he called 'the very Torré of poetry, [who] played his coruscations so speciously that his steel dust is mistaken by many for a shower of gold.'

[2] See 'Old Vauxhall Gardens' in 'Eighteenth Century Vignettes,' 1892, pp. 230-261.

guide-books—which seem to assume that everyone started from Charing Cross—are careful to tell you that you must cross St. James's Park, go out by Buckingham Gate, and make your way toward Chelsea Hospital, on the left side of which would ultimately become visible the 'large Building of an orbicular Figure, with a Row of Windows round the Attic story,' which, according to a writer in the 'Champion,' 'a Man, of a whimsical Imagination, would not scruple to call, a Giant's Lanthorn'—the resemblance, it may be added, being sensibly increased at night by the fact that, for those days, it was very lavishly illuminated within. Arrived at the entrance, known as Ranelagh House, you could either present your ticket or pay your half-crown, and, after purchasing 'a gift for your fair' in the shape of a nosegay or button-hole, pass through the building into the somewhat contracted grounds in front of the central structure. But you might, if you chose, and you probably would, turn to the left, descend a flight of steps, and, entering a matted avenue, repair forthwith to the Rotunda. After a few paces you found yourself in a large circular chamber or amphitheatre, about the size of the Reading Room at the British Museum, the accesses to which were through four equidis-

An Inside View of the Rotundo in Ranelagh Gardens
Vue de l'Interieur de la Rotonde dans le Jardins de Ranelagh.
London Printed for & Sold by Rob.t Sayer at the Golden Buck opposite Fetter Lane, Fleet Street

INTERIOR OF THE ROTUNDA AT RANELAGH GARDENS.

tant Doric porticoes. Between these porticoes, the sides of the room were filled with alcoves or supper-boxes, slightly raised above the floor, each of which had its table, its decorative humorous painting as at Vauxhall, and its bell candle-lamp. Above this line of alcoves was a gallery containing a second row of boxes; and above these, again, the range of sixty windows you had seen illuminated from without. In the centre of the enclosure, rising to the ceiling, and materially assisting in the support of the roof, was a cluster of 'four triumphal arches of the Doric order,' which, with the intervals between them, formed an octagon. The upper part of this was, at first, intended for the Orchestra, but the position proved too high for the performers; and, from the circumstance that a huge grate for heating the building had been constructed in the lower part, it came subsequently to be known as 'the fireplace.' In the old descriptions, this fireplace is magniloquently characterized as 'one of the most curious contrivances that ever the judgment of man could form,' but when it is further stated that it could neither smoke nor become offensive, it is obvious that something had been achieved to which, even now it is difficult to attain. The pillars of the triumphal arches, which, as already

stated, also helped to hold up the roof, were two-storied, those at the bottom being coloured in imitation of marble; those surmounting them being painted white. These latter were fluted, and above them again were terminal figures in plaster of Paris, the intervening spaces being filled with representations of masks, musical instruments, and the like. In front of and blocking one of the porticoes was a large organ; in front of this again was the Orchestra, twelve boxes from which came the Royal or Prince of Wales's pavilion, surmounted with his crest. Mirrors of course abounded; and from the dome, which was lavishly ornamented with panels and festoons, hung twenty-eight coroneted chandeliers, each having seventeen candles in bell glasses. 'When all these lamps are lighted,' says the enthusiast already quoted, 'it may be imagined that the sight must be very glorious; no words can express its grandeur; and then do the masterly disposition of the architect, the proportion of the parts, and the harmonious distinction of the several pieces, appear to the greatest advantage; the most minute part, by this effulgence, lying open to inspection.' Gas and electricity have somewhat rectified our modern notions of 'effulgence'; but there can be little doubt that the symmetry of the structure,

coupled with the graceful decorations of Capon, the scene-painter, must have produced an imposing effect. Johnson, it is known, declared the '*coup d'œil* was the finest thing he had ever seen.' Nor was this one of those occasions when the good Doctor talked laxly, for he said elsewhere: 'When I first entered Ranelagh, it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced anywhere else.' According to Dr. Maxwell, he went there frequently, for he regarded it as 'a place of innocent recreation'—a sentiment which, on the whole, does more credit to his simplicity than his judgment, since the author of 'Sir Charles Grandison' openly speaks of it as a marriage market, and even that unsophisticated philosopher, Mr. Moses Primrose, does not scruple to compare it with the notorious Fair of Fontarabia.

Ranelagh was first opened in 1742, being nearly thirty years younger than its rival Vauxhall, which, as a pleasure garden, went back to 'Sir Roger' and Addison. Its name came from its site, a part of the house and lands of a past Earl of Ranelagh, whose estate adjoined to Chelsea Hospital. When, in 1712, he died, his property descended to his daughter, who, twenty years later, sold it to a builder by whom it was broken up into lots.

Then Lacy, the Drury Lane manager, acquired it conjointly with a foreigner named Rietti; the grounds were laid out; plans were prepared by 'Mr. William Jones, architect to the East India Company'; and the 'orbicular' Rotunda began to rise slowly. In Walpole's letters you may trace its progress. 'I have been breakfasting this morning at Ranelagh Garden,' he tells Mann in April, 1742; 'they have built an immense amphitheatre, with balconies full of little ale-houses; it is in rivalry to Vauxhall, and costs above twelve thousand pounds.' [In another place he puts it at 'sixteen thousand.'] 'The building is not finished, but they get great sums by people going to see it and breakfasting in the house: there were yesterday no less than three hundred and eighty persons, at eighteenpence a-piece.' A month later, it is opened in state. 'The Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. . . . Everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvepence. . . . Twice a week there are to be Ridottos at guinea-tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music.' But he is too conservative to give in at once to an untried novelty, of which the fashion may prove no more than ephemeral. 'I was there last night,' he says,

'but did not find the joy of it'; and he goes on to prefer Vauxhall, because 'one goes by water.' It is hazardous to contradict a contemporary, or one might suggest that it was also possible to get by water to Ranelagh; but it must be assumed that, at this early date, the orthodox approach was by land, and that Ranelagh Stairs were not constructed. However, the prosperity of the place as a rendezvous for persons of quality seems to have increased so rapidly that Walpole, after a few more doubtful references, begins, as usual, to be of the opinion of all the world. In July he takes Lord Orford there, and is pleased to find that his father, though fallen, is not forgotten. 'It was pretty full, and all its fullness flocked round us: we walked with a train at our heels, like two chairmen going to fight; but they were extremely civil, and did not crowd him, or say the least impertinence—I think he grows popular already!' Two years later his note is no longer uncertain; and he announces his complete *volte-face* in one of his most characteristic passages: 'That you may not think I employ my time as idly as the great men I have been talking of [he has been discussing the doings of the ministry and the operations of the fleet], you must be informed, that every night constantly I go to Ranelagh; which has

totally beat Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else—everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it, that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither. If you had never seen it [he is writing to Conway in London, not to Mann at Florence], I would make you a most pompous description of it, and tell you how the floor is all of beaten princes—that you can't set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or Duke of Cumberland. The company is universal: there is from his Grace of Grafton down to children out of the Foundling Hospital—from my Lady Townshend to the kitten—from my Lord Sandys to your humble cousin and sincere friend.' One naturally turns to Chesterfield himself for some confirmation of the above-mentioned infatuation; but save and except a stray passage in one or two of his letters to Madame du Boccage or Madame de Monconseil, there is little on the subject, certainly nothing that savours of abnormal excitement. Yet he evidently regarded 'Vauxhall under cover,' as it has been christened, in the light of a nursery, or rather hot-bed, for those *Grâces*, *Agrémens*, *Bienséances*, the careful cultivation, and even forcing, of which he so persistently enjoined. More than four-and-twenty years afterwards he takes his godson to

Ranelagh, and in a subsequent letter he is careful to impress upon this boy of eleven his obligations of hospitality with regard to any friends who may accompany him to similar resorts. 'Quand vous irez à Vaux Hall' (he says), 'souvenez vous de regaler toutte votre compagnie, et offrez les de les regaler quelque soir au Jardin de Ranelagh'; and a year later still, he tells the boy's father proudly that young Stanhope has again been a visitor to the Chelsea Pantheon, 'for the gentleman is at all public places.' Truly a precocious *bout d'homme!*

When one remembers that the refreshments in the Rotunda were included in the entrance money (at first a shilling, and afterwards half-a-crown), and that the beverages were restricted to tea and coffee, it is a little difficult to account for the continued popularity of the place. The staple attraction, of course, was the musical and vocal performances. The organ, by Byfield, at which, in later years, Dr. Burney often officiated, was an excellent one; there was a good band and choir; and with singers like Tenducci and Carestini to 'pour th'enervate lays' of Gluck and Metastasio—with Beard and Brent for the 'native notes' of Arne and Handel—and Cervetto and Giardini and Caporale as *premiers violons*—the

lovers of music must have found their money's worth. But for the rest—for those who were neither amateurs after the fashion of Bramston's 'Man of Taste'

> ('Without *Italian*, or without an ear,
> To *Bononcini's* music I adhere'),

nor took their simple pleasure like honest Pastor Moritz, in philosophically surveying the motley crowd from the vantage ground of the gallery, the chief resource must have been the monotonous parading or promenading in the circular space between the fireplace and the supper boxes. Nonagenarians like Samuel Rogers well remembered the long swish of the ladies' trains as they swept round and round over the mats which covered the plaster-of-Paris floor.

> 'What wonders were there to be found
> That a clown might enjoy or disdain?
> First we trac'd the gay ring all around;
> Ay—*and then we went round it again.*'

So sings Robert Bloomfield, whom, at the first blush, one scarcely expects to find among the 'society poets.'

> 'Fair maids, who at home in their haste
> Had left all clothing else but a train,
> Swept the floor clean, as slowly they pac'd,
> And then—*walk'd round and swept it again.*'

The note of sarcasm here so lightly indicated finds grumbling echo in the pages of 'Humphry Clinker.' 'What are the amusements at Ranelagh?' asks that querulous critic, Mr. Matthew Bramble. 'One half of the company are following one another's tails, in an eternal circle, like so many blind asses in an olive mill, where they can neither discourse, distinguish, nor be distinguished; while the other half are drinking hot water, under the denomination of tea, till nine or ten o'clock at night, to keep them awake for the rest of the evening. As for the orchestra, the vocal musick especially, it is well for the performers that they cannot be heard distinctly.' But Smollett was too keen a student of humanity to let the testy Welsh squire have it all his own way; and Mr. Bramble's niece is not at all of Mr. Bramble's opinion. To the school-girl imagination of Miss Lydia Melford, Ranelagh is 'like the enchanted palace of a genie,' and her enthusiasm rises easily to the gush of the guide-books. For her the place is 'crowded with the great, the rich, the gay, the happy, and the fair; glittering with cloth of gold and silver, lace, embroidery, and precious stones. While these exulting sons and daughters of felicity [she is speaking of her uncle's "blind asses"] tread this round of pleasure,

or regale in different parties and separate lodges, with fine imperial tea and other delicious refreshments, their ears are entertained with the most ravishing delights of musick, both instrumental and vocal.'

'Ravishing,' however, as may have been the lyric performances of Dr. Arne and the 'Catch Club,' or the 'famous chorus of Mr. Handel in "Acis and Galatea,"' the epithet can hardly have been applicable to others of the musical efforts, which would be better described as cacophonous. Such, for example, must have been Bonnel Thornton's Burlesque 'Ode on St. Cæcilia's Day,' 'adapted to the Antient British Musick: viz. the Salt-Box, the Jew's Harp, the Marrow-Bones and Cleavers, the Hum-Strum or Hurdy-Gurdy,' and the rest. Dr. Burney (Fanny Burney's father) composed the music; and it was performed at Ranelagh in masks to an enraptured audience. Beard, the Vauxhall tenor already mentioned, sang the air to the salt-box accompaniment of Brent the fencing-master (Mrs. Brent's father).[1] Matthew Skeggs, who, in his very peculiar way, enjoyed a considerable reputation, played the

[1] Another illustrious performer on the salt-box was Thomas Price, Master of the Farthing Pie-House at Marylebone, of whom there is a folio mezzotint.

broomstick as bassoon;[1] and that 'iron lyre,' the Jew's Harp, was twanged or 'buzzed' by another accomplished but unnamed expert. The cleavers, according to report, were specially cast in bell metal for the occasion. Johnson, Boswell informs us, was hugely diverted by the ingenuity of the jest, and was wont to repeat with approval the following on the function of the salt-box, which, by the way, figures among the instruments in Hogarth's 'Strolling Actresses.'

'In Strains more exalted the SALT-BOX shall join,
And Clattering, and Battering, and Clapping combine:
With a Rap and a Tap while the hollow Side sounds,
Up and down leaps the Flap, and with Rattling rebounds.'

The whole, and this was not its least recommendation, was an admitted gibe at the false taste for foreign music; but it could scarcely have been heard by Miss Melford, as the 'Expedition of Humphry Clinker' belongs to a later date than June 10th, 1763, when, according to the 'Annual Register,' Thornton's burlesque was produced, having been previously published as a pamphlet, to be found in the British Museum.

[1] Skeggs, Italianized by the caricaturists into 'Skegginello,' imitated other instruments on his broomstick, as well as several animals. There is a print of him by Houston, after a picture by Thomas King.

The mention of the masks in which it was performed calls to mind another of the Ranelagh diversions. In addition to the Ridottos or Assemblies of which Walpole speaks, Masquerades must have been added at an early date to the rest of the occasional amusements. 'I am going to a masquerade at the Ranelagh amphitheatre,' he says in July, 1742, 'the king is fond of it and has pressed people to go.' By the next letter it could scarcely have been a success. 'It was miserable: there were but a hundred men, six women and two shepherdesses.' In June, 1746, he speaks of another for the Prince of Hesse. But his fullest description is devoted to the 'Jubilee masquerade in the Venetian manner,' which, on the 26th April, 1749, celebrated the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. It was 'by far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw,' he says; 'nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. . . . It began at three o'clock, and, about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a maypole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masqued, as were all the various bands of music that were

disposed in different parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French-horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, Japan, &c. and all the shopkeepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated; and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs from twenty to thirty feet high: under them orange trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches too were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables, and dancing, and about two thousand persons.' The matter-of-fact 'Gentleman's Magazine' puts the number much higher: it says there were '2,000 coaches, and above 6,000 persons.' Probably aristocratic Mr. Walpole only counted the 'carriage people.' This first jubilee masquerade was followed by a second on May 8th; and it was at this, or possibly at both, for the accounts vary, that the notorious Miss Elizabeth

Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston and Countess of Bristol, appeared as Iphigenia, in a costume so classic as to scandalize even her fellow maids-of-honour—'not,' as Mrs. Montagu says censoriously, 'of maids the strictest.' There are several contemporary satirical prints devoted to this lady's undress vagaries, in which she was encouraged by George II.; and she is referred to repeatedly in the correspondence of the time, as well as by Churchill and the 'Connoisseur.' It was probably the licence of costume which ultimately led to the suppression, at Ranelagh, of masquerades, which practically ceased to take place there long before the garden itself came to an end.

Externally the Rotunda could scarcely be said to correspond with the magnificence of its interior. Viewed from the outside, it was little more than a flat-looking, round-topped, and many-windowed wooden structure covered in with slates. At the back of the lower, or ground floor, supper-boxes, an arcade ran round the entire building; and above this, reached by stairs from the four porticoes, was a roofed gallery, giving access to the second row of boxes. The grounds adjoining the Rotunda, which was slightly raised above the level, were not extensive, but they were tastefully laid

out; and from Horwood's map one gets a fair idea of their general disposition. In the front they were broken up into gravel walks and grass plats, pleasantly shaded by trees. At the back, a long grass-bordered walk of yews and elms to the left led to the extreme end of the grounds, and was terminated by the circular temple to Pan which Walpole speaks of above as filled with 'harlequins and scaramouches.' It was painted white, and had a statue of a faun at the top. To the right hand was a long piece of ornamental water known as 'the Canal,' on each side of which were gravelled walks with carefully trimmed hedges. The canal had a grotto at its southern end, and it contained a 'Chinese building,' or pavilion, which could be entered from the banks. The remainder of the place presented the ordinary fountains, parterres, and other features of a public garden, the only object requiring further notice being the view or 'scene' described on the map as 'Mount Ætna.' This stood in the cross-walk at the bottom of the enclosure, and was used in the frequent displays of fireworks, by which Ranelagh, in its later years, endeavoured to revive its decaying attractions. When properly lighted, and working, it exhibited a complete volcanic eruption, with flowing lava and showers of scoriæ. It also

included a subterranean 'Cavern of the Cyclops,' and a 'Forge of Vulcan.'

Many memories cluster about this 'mouldered lodge' of Vanity Fair, and references to its garish glories are freely scattered through the correspondence of Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Carter, and the fictions of Fielding and Fanny Burney. It was at the portals of Ranelagh, in 1752, that Fielding's enemy, Dr. John Hill of 'The Inspector,' was caned by a gentleman he had libelled; it was at Ranelagh, in 1764, that the little Mozart, a boy of eight, gave some of those precocious performances which were then thought wonderful enough to be recorded in the Royal Society's 'Philosophical Transactions.' It was at Ranelagh, again, in 1791, that an entertainment was arranged in aid of Charles-Geneviève-Louis-Auguste-André-Thimothée d'Éon de Beaumont, otherwise known as the Chevalière d'Éon, who at this date had fallen upon evil days and was living chiefly by exhibiting his prowess as a *maître d'armes* in petticoats.[1] Four years earlier, he had fenced successfully at Carlton House with the

[1] Upon this occasion (June 24, 1791) a commemorative portrait of the 'Minerve Gauloise' was designed by J. Condé, one of the Chevalière's compatriots, as 'a monument of English generosity and French gratitude.'

famous mulatto Saint-George. By 1791, however, the vogue of Ranelagh was declining. Its last great *festino*, as Walpole would have called it, was a reception given at the beginning of the present century by the Spanish ambassador. In 1804 the grounds were closed; in 1805 the Rotunda was pulled down. Fifteen years later, Sir Richard Phillips, of the 'Million of Facts,' moralizing on the weed-grown site with much pumped-up sentiment and plentiful notes of exclamation, could only imperfectly identify the traces of the famous pleasure-gardens which had once been—like the 'Waxworks' in Dickens—'the delight of the Nobility and Gentry, and the patronised of Royalty.'

EPILOGUE.

WHAT is it, then,'—some Reader asks,—
'What is it that attaches
Your fancy so to fans and masks,—
To periwigs and patches?

'Is Human Life to-day so poor,—
So bloodless,—you disdain it,
To "galvanize" the Past once more?'
—Permit me. I'll explain it.

This Age, I grant (and grant with pride),
Is varied, rich, eventful;
But, if you touch its weaker side,
Deplorably resentful:

Belaud it, and it takes your praise
With air of calm conviction;
Condemn it, and at once you raise
A storm of contradiction.

Whereas with these old Shades of mine,
Their ways and dress delight me;
And should I trip by word or line,
They cannot well indict me.

Not that I think to err. I seek
To steer 'twixt blame and blindness;
I strive (as some one said in Greek)
To speak the truth with kindness:

But—should I fail to render clear
Their title, rank, or station—
I still may sleep secure, nor fear
A suit for defamation.

NOTES.

NOTE 1, p. 24.—BOTH OF THEM RECENTLY PERFORMED. Not, however, with equal success. "Will it be hereafter believed," writes Richardson to Lady Bradshaigh in February, 1753, "that the *Earl of Essex* had a run; and that a play of the author of the *Night Thoughts* was acted to thin houses but just eight nights?" (*Correspondence*, 1804, vi, 246.) Dr. Johnson apparently found no difficulty in believing it. "Of *The Brothers*," he writes, "I may be allowed to say nothing, since nothing was ever said of it by the Publick" (*Lives of the Poets*, Birkbeck Hill's ed., 1905, iii, 397).

NOTE 2, p. 47.—POETICAL INSCRIPTIONS. Landor, no mean judge, affirmed that one of these—not, by the way, on a seat, but an urn—was "the most beautiful of epitaphs" (Forster's *Works and Life*, 1876, iii, 518 n.). It was that on Shenstone's cousin, Maria Dolman, of Brome, in Staffordshire, who died at twenty-one of small-pox; and it ended thus:

HEU QUANTO MINUS EST
CUM RELIQUIS VERSARI,
QUAM TUI
MEMINISSE.

NOTE 3, p. 50.—THE GARDEN-CHALET. This memorial of Dickens is no longer in the shrubbery at Gad's Hill, but has been re-erected in Cobham Park, Kent (Lord Darnley's). There are pictures of it, in its new and old sites, at p. 398 of Kitton's *Charles Dickens*,

1902, and in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for June, 1906 (xxxvii, p. 653).

Note 4, p. 52.—For the fourth time. Miss Margaret Collier was not singular in her enterprise. Richardson's friend, Thomas Edwards of Turrick, on his own showing, was accustomed to peruse *Clarissa* annually, in addition to *Pamela* and *Grandison* (Richardson's *Correspondence*, 1804, iii, 111); and Scott, in the *Lives of the Novelists*, speaks of a venerable judge [it was Mr. Nairne, afterwards Lord Dunsinan] who was said to have read the last-named novel "once every year in the course of his life" (*Misc. Works*, 1834, iii, 14 n.).

Note 5, p. 55.—The chamber-horse. This obsolete appliance, which Fielding refers to in No. 10 of *The Covent Garden Journal*, and of which the present writer remembers to have seen a well-worn specimen years ago in a Croydon back street, has, in our day, been revived in elaborated form. In May, 1894, it appeared in a window in Westminster as the Hercules Horse Action Saddle, with as many complicated adjuncts as Hogarth's quack-doctor's machine for drawing corks.

Note 6, p. 58.—A quondam Carthusian. This rests upon Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, and Leigh Hunt's *London Journal* (Supp. No. 2, 1834). But Richardson's name cannot be traced in the school registers.

Note 7, p. 61.—The Grange. Sir E. Burne-Jones died on the 17th June, 1898; and Richardson's old house, at present occupied by Mr. Fairfax Murray, is now No. 111, North End Road, West Kensington.

Note 8, p. 93.—A number of busts. Among these

must not be forgotten the admirable coloured example (in plaster) of Colley Cibber, now in the National Portrait Gallery. There is an excellent representation of this at p. 168, vol. iii, of Gosse and Garnett's *English Literature*, 1903.

Note 9, p. 103. — Ce qu'on disait à Rome. *Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata* (*Æneid*, Bk. vi, l. 869). Mr. Gladstone applied these words to Arthur Hallam in the paper on his friend and school-fellow which he contributed to the New York *Youth's Companion*, 6th January, 1898.

Note 10, p. 126.—Incidents of the Duke's residence in England. Among these, it must not be omitted that he is responsible for a hat. "Of the last gentleman [Nivernais] I cannot say I remember much, but that he introduced the Fashion of very Small Hats, which used to be called after him Nivernois Hats" (*A Kentish Country House*, by Lady Jennings, 1894, p. 109). They were still in vogue in 1766, for when Anstey's Simkin "commences a Beau Garçon," he wears one.

> "But what with my *Nivernois* Hat can compare,
> Bag-Wig, and lac'd Ruffles, and black Solitaire?
> *New Bath Guide*, Pt. II, Letter 10.

Note 11, p. 127.—The old Duke de Nevers. Victor Hugo brings Nivernais into *Les Misérables*. He says of M. Gillenormand, grandfather of the Marius in that romance, "Il avait eu des prix en son enfance au collége de Moulins où il était né, et il avait été couronné de la main du duc de Nivernais qu'il appelait le duc de Nevers" (Ed. 1862, Pt. 3, Bk. 2, Ch. iv).

NOTE 12, p. 142.—HIS . . . FAVOURITE JOHN DORY. "We that day [a day in 1760] had procur'd for us those celebrated fish John Dorees . . . Quin (who now lives at Bath), often, it seems, comes from thence to Plymouth to eat them in perfection; therefore I suppose them deem'd curious, as he is said to deserve, in some degree, that unmanly title of an epicure" (*Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys*, 1899, p. 74). Fielding, who mentions Quin's visits to Plymouth, gives a laudation of the John Dory in the *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, 1755 (Chiswick Press Reprint, 1892, pp. 168-9). Lamb says he "honoured the fish" on Quin's account; but preferred turbot. Lamb seems also (with Mrs. Lybbe Powys) to have felt its lack of "outward graces." "He [J. D.] is the very Rhinoceros of fishes, the ugliest dog that swims," he writes to Charles Chambers (Lucas's *Works of Charles and Mary Lamb*, 1905, vii, p. 681).

NOTE 13, p. 154.—"SIR, I SMELL YOU IN THE DARK." Rowlandson, as might perhaps be anticipated, chose this malodorous episode for one of his *Picturesque Beauties of Boswell*, 1786, Part i, Print 4.

NOTE 14, p. 165.—DROVE A LARGE SNOW OF 220 TONS HALF A MILE INLAND. "A common sight ten miles inland is that of the steam launches, schooners, and oyster sloops—carried inland by the storm" (*Daily Chronicle* account of the hurricane in Texas, September 11, 1900).

NOTE 15, p. 175.—POUNCED UPON BY THE "SURGEON'S MOB." With what follows, may be compared a passage from Richardson's *Familiar Letters*, &c., 1741, p. 242: "One of the Bodies was carried to the Lodging

of his Wife, who not being in the way to receive it, they [the mob] immediately hawked it about to every Surgeon they could think of, and when none would buy it, they rubb'd Tar all over it, and left it in a Field hardly cover'd with Earth."

NOTE 16, p. 185.—DR. SAMUEL CLARKE'S EDITION OF "HOMER." This has now been transferred to the keeping of a more worthy Johnsonian than the present writer,—Mr. Augustine Birrell.

NOTE 17, p. 195 n.—No. 1, HAYMARKET. Mr. Bain's establishment, popular as ever, is now at 14, Charles Street, S.W.

NOTE 18, p. 200.—THE GLASGOW "ÆSCHYLUS." This is in the John Rylands Library at Manchester. Flaxman's drawings were made at Rome for Lady Spencer (*Athenæum*, 22nd October, 1892).

NOTE 19, p. 209.—CARMONTEL. It is to M. de Carmontel that we owe what is a very attractive presentment of Laurence Sterne,—the water-colour sketch in the Duc d'Aumale's collection at Chantilly, a few copies of which were reproduced in 1890 by Messrs. Colnaghi. This must be "my portrait," to which Sterne refers in a letter to Garrick from Paris of March 19, 1762: "A gentleman who lives with him [the Duke of Orleans] has taken it most expressively, at full length" (*Works*, 1798, ix, 75). In the Breakfast Room at Strawberry, Horace Walpole had a washed drawing by M. de Carmontel of Mme. du Deffand and the Duchesse du Choiseul (*Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, 1st Series, p. 152). He says in his "Catalogue," 1774 (p. 26), that Carmontel had "done in the same manner most of the court of France."

Note 20, p. 248.—The Princess's Arch. There is an engraving of this "Doric Arch" by T. Medland at p. 14 of Seeley's *Description of Stowe* [1797]. "Through the Arch" (says the text, p. 17) "is seen the Palladian Bridge, and a Castle on the opposite hill."

Note 21, p. 261.—A dull little villa at Chiswick. This house had been built by Sir Stephen Fox in 1685. Lady Mary Coke bought it of a later owner, Mr. Robert Stephenson; and when she died, it became the property of the Duke of Devonshire. In 1812 it was pulled down, and its grounds were added to those of the adjoining Chiswick House. (Phillimore and Whitear's *Chiswick*, 1897, 40, 268.)

Note 22, p. 265.—Dr. Trusler had other distinctions. He was not only the commentator of Hogarth; but "the reverend Advertiser of engraved sermons," who, in Cowper's *Task*, 1785, Bk. ii, ll. 351-71,

> "grinds divinity of other days
> Down into modern use; transforms old print
> To zig-zag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
> Of gall'ry critics by a thousand arts."

There is an account of a visit to Dr. Trusler at his residence, Bathwick Villa, Bath, in the *Leisure Hour* for 27 May, 1871, p. 327.

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CHISWICK PRESS:—CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.